

10668
Academiae Cantabrigiensis

LUCTUS

IN OBITUM

FREDERICI

CELSISSIMI

WALLIÆ PRINCIPIS.

EXCUEBAT CANTABRIGIÆ JOSEPHUS BENTHAM
ACADEMIÆ TYPOGRAPHUS
MENSE MAIO
M.DCC.LI.

Academiae Cantabrigiae

L U C T U S

I N O B I T U M

FR E D R I C I



C E L S I S S I M I

W A L L I E P R I N C I P I S

2
Accipe plangens et Julia regis
Accipe, magno post hoc munus, etiam

Mittit ad regem et Juliae clausa

Ille tu super victima tota Wilhelma
EXCEPERAT CANE LAMIA JOSEPHUS HENRIAM

ADRIANUS DIVIDENDUS TROOPARUM

MENSA MAIO

MICHEL

A D
R E G E M.

SI vacat in tanto, qui Te premit undique luctu,
Accipe plangendo debita iusta rogo;
Accipe, magne Pater Britonum, pia munera, Grantæ
Mittit ab ingenuo quæ Tibi Musa choro.
Illa Tui nuper victricia tela Wilhelmi,
Anglica Monticolis et data jura Viris,

Et

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Et tandem Europæ reducem, Te vindice, Pacem
Magnificis ausa est concinuisse modis;
Gratum erat illud opus; nunc versi morte triumphi,
Mæstaque funereæ fila movenda lyræ.
Occidit heu! raptus medio FREDERICUS in ævo,
Et GEORGÎ, et Patriæ Gloria prima suæ,
Occidit ille, preces de quo modo Patria fudit,
Cum votis toties vaticinata piis,
Hunc fore, cui fama quondam maturus et annis
Traderet Angligenûm sceptrâ tenenda Pater:
Tuque, Pater, læta numerans tua gaudia mente,
Volvebas Nati facta futura Tui;
Fingebas quicquid Tibi grata Britannia laudis
Detulit, annales edocuitque suos;
Gallorumque iterum fugientia terga videbas,
Et nova ab Hesperio parta tropæa mari;
Hæc Pater, hæc Britones; sed Coeli nuncius Ales
Portat ab irato iussa tremenda Deo;
Iussa tremenda facit; FREDERICO tempora Vitæ
Rex vetat omnipotens ulteriora dari.

Si

LUCTUS.

Si tamen et mortis fatalia rumpere jura
Cultori Pietas posset amica suo,
Si Pudor, et Virtus obducti nescia fuci,
Ingeniumque capax, et sine labe fides,
Hæc mansura forent, quæ nunc ploramus adempta,
Una nec immensas Nox rapuisset opes;
Quid vero hæc prodest animo percurrere, clausit
Atra sepulchrali quæ semel hora domo?
Hoc magis infandi surgunt nova pabula luctus,
Hoc magis Angligenûm grande fâtigat onus,
Quod Te conspiciunt curis ingentibus ægrum,
Privatusque auget publica damna dolor;
Ante quidem, belli media inter tela, minasque,
Vidimus erectum Te similemque Tui;
Cum sævi instarent Britonum cervicibus Hostes,
Fulfit ab impavido Principis Ore salus;
Quo nunc iste animus? Tua quo constantia nunquam
Turbine fortunæ debilitanda gravi?
Non ego ferre tuis ausim solatia curis,
Non valet in tantum flebile carmen opus;

A

Tu,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Tu, Pater, in fractis mentem, precor, erige rebus,

Hæc dabitur nostris una medela malis,

Vive diu nobis, sic et jactura Britannis,

Sæva licet, fiet dimidiata Tuis.

EDMUNDUS KEENE

S. T. P.

Collegii Divi Petri Magister

Et Academiæ Procancellarius.

LUCTUS.

DUM fedet ad sacros cineres AUGUSTA perempti
 Conjugis atque urnam caris amplectitur ulnis;
 Et nunc cum gemitu lacrymis indulget obortis,
 Et longos iterat questus: nunc fixa silenti
 Ora tenet luctu tumultoque immobilis hæret;
 Et sola amissos secum meditatur amores;
 Musa pios miscet gemitus, dominæque dolore
 Multa dolens, tanti solatia tenuia luctus,
 Purpureas spargit violas, manesque recentes
 Sæpe vocans mœstâ circumdat fronde sepulchrum.
 Mox ubi tandem aderit lacrymis mora, jamque peractis
 Lætior exequiis primos leniverit æstus,
 Et positæ incipient paulum requiescere curæ,
 Majorem, FREDERICE, tibi celebrabit honorem,
 Et viridi in ripâ Thamesis qua tardior undis
 Labitur, atque novam tristis Pater alluit urnam,
 Illa suo statuet solido de marmore templum
 Heroi. Vultus illic formamque decori,
 Principis atque oculos miti splendore micantes
 Fas erit aspicere, et regales frontis honores;
 Quin varias circum virtutes, undique tanti
 Ornamenta operis, foribusque insculpta superbis
 Fataque fortunæque Viri. Dea stabit in auro
 Candida Libertas illic, partusque recentes
 Excipiet, CAROLINA, tuos, mollique fovebit
 In gremio, et tenerum lætâ spe finget alumnum.
 Tunc ætate novâ maturum Dædala ponet
 Dexterâ, teque Pater Regi Neptune futuro
 Sternentemque undas, ventosque in vela vocantem;
 Stat celsâ in puppi Britonum spes, jamque nitentes
 Prospiciens rupes, tibi sese devovet omnem
 Alma parens Patria, et tua Numina sanctus adorât.
 Parte aliâ pompas alacres, festosque Hymenæos,
 Virgineumque decus Sponsæ, castoque rubentes
 Pinget amore genas, et molles luminis ignes.
 Et juxtâ proles formosa affurget in auras,

Qui

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Qui factis olim referent et nomine patres,
Henrici Edvardique alii, tuque inclyte GEORGI,
Quem nunc indutum cari Genitoris honores
Compellat Musa, et gratatur mœsta dolenti.
Deinde pias inter curas, et splendida vitæ
Otia florentem FREDERICUM cinget olivâ ;
Qualis honos sancti circumdat tempora regis
Alfredi, qualis vel frontem insignit Elizæ.
Hunc circum gaudere artes, turbamque Minervæ
Insolitis faciet studiis urgere laborem,
Inventisque novum Patriæ decus addere rebus.
Illius auspiciis spirabunt mollius æra,
Et vivo melius stabunt e marmore vultus :
In tabulam incipiet rursus revocata redire
Gratia, et ingenuas veneres didicisse figuræ :
Tunc et honos pelago, et stabunt sua præmia nautis,
Lætæque ridentes sperabunt otia campi.
Sed vos, O Musæ, Pacis fœlicis alumnae,
Vos quibus egregio favit devinctus amore,
Si vestros nunquam vates aut carmina sprevit,
Muneribusque suis vires animosque canendi
Præbuit, hîc eritis pompæ pars magna supremæ.
At Pietas, et prisca Fides, et amabilis unâ
Pax aderit, mensâ quondam confidere herili
Affueta, et lecto molles insternere somnos ;
Quam sæpe expertus carâ cum conjuge conjux,
Quam pueros inter ludentes, inter amicos,
Regum sprevit opes animis, fastusque superbos
Exuit imperii, majestatemque verendam.
Tu tamen ante alias, Clementia Dia, benigno
Quæ semper lateri hærebas, quæ pectoris omnes
Rexisti motus, aditusque et tempora nosti :
Tu, cujus ductu toties penetravit ad aulam
Paupertas, morboque graves erexit ocellos
Jam primum lætos domini miserantis ad ora ;
Et viduata viro conjux, orbusque parente

Sæpe

LUCTUS.

Sæpe puer gemitus mansueti in Principis aurem
Effudere ; tuis, non ipsa in morte relinuens,
Fida ministeriis aderis, juxtâque sepulcrum
Æternæ stabis custos, tutelaque famæ.

Hon^{mus} D^{nus} D^{nus} *Johannes Cavendish* Coll. Div. Pet.
Illustrissimi Ducis *Devoniæ*
Filius natus Quartus.

QUID tu Musa procax tantum! sperasne dolorem
AUGUSTÆ numeris cedere posse tuis?
Luctu alto filet illa, et non magis ore movetur,
Quam Niobe ingenti facta dolore lapis.
Necquicquam Cæsar, sæcli venientis Iulus
Spes frustra, blandos fundit ab ore sonos.
Ipse malo Cæsar succumbit, quique levare
Debuit hanc, se non sustinuisse ferunt.
Cor, AUGUSTA, tuum viduata Britannia tangat,
Non sine te luctum depositura suum.
Conjugio nosti quantum debetur ; amicis
Qualia ; quæ Patriæ debita, nosce, tuæ ;
Et valeant tandem : tibi nec solamina frustra
Patria, Progenies, Rexque Socerque ferant.

Honorabilis *Gulielmus Hervey* C. C. C.
Honoratissimi Domini Baronis de *Hervey*
Filius natus Quartus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ANGUSTAS ubi fera subit Libitina tabernas,
Maturumque premit cana Senecta rogam;
Non præter solitum gemimus; testisque dolorum,
Defluit humanis debita Gutta Malis:
Ast ubi, Deliciæ Britonum, præclara GEORGÏ
Progenies, Fato præpete victa cadit,
Cui longos sine Nube Dies promiserat Ætas,
Cui Vitæ dederat Pignora clara Salus;
Quas ire in Lacrymas, quas ingeminare Querelas,
Quos Fide, Quos Elegis sollicitare modos,
Concilium decet Aönium, Gentisque togatas,
Quas inter placidâ labitur Isis aquâ,
Et queis, Cyrrheæ Camus Pater Æmulus urnæ,
Fonte sacros hauſtus liberiore dedit?
Te, spes Angligenûm, Proceres, Populusque tributim,
Discordes studiis ingeniisque dolent:
Te Cives, FREDERICE, tui; Te plurimus omni
Littore, tenſa legens Carbasa, nauta dolet:
Te, qui rura colunt, telæque affueta juvenus,
Artifici versans penſa diurna manu:
Ipsa elementa, fides trepidis ſi matribus ulla,
Conſcia venturi ſigna dedere mali:
Scilicet hoc, crebris percuſſa tremoribus arva,
Ignibus inſolitis hoc monuere poli:
Hoc pecoris monuit clades — Sic, neſcia veri,
Ante focum, ſponſo cum ſene, garrit anus.
Non tamen hos luſtus tua poſtulat umbra, labores
Nec licet ad noſtros jam tua cura vacet:
Dum ſtellas inter, facili mortalia vultu
Deſpicias, et fruëris jam propiore Deo:
At cœlis patiare tuis, patiare carere
Dulce decus generis præſidiumque tui:
Georgiaden ſaltem maneat diadema; patrique
In cumulum accedant ſæcla, negata tibi.

Honorabilis *Jacobus York* C. C. C.
Hon^{mi} Dⁿⁱ Baronis de *Hardwick* Magnæ Britannię Cancellarii
Filius natu *Quintus*.

L U C T U S.

INFUNDE nostris, Melpomene, modis

Atros dolores, Tibia languida

Spiret querelas, atque furgat

Triste melos graviore pompâ.

Ergo Britannæ gentis amabile

Decus reposcunt Fata? — Pater tuus

Conjuxque et infantes, et cheu!

Patria te, FREDERICE, luget.

Fidesque virtusque hunc famulâ manu

Divûm beatis sedibus inferent,

Doctrina nec sese, nec alma

Relligio comitem negabit.

Quas vivus artes fovit honoribus,

Lapsum sequuntur, laudis et inclytæ

Mercede jam optatâ beârunt,

Cœlicolûmque dedere vitam.

Natura quicquid ludit amabilis,

Rerumque causas detegit abditas,

Orbesque stellarum vagantes,

Lumine jam propiore cernit.

Veri reclusos conspicit intimus

Rectique fontes; et Decus Imperi

Quid sit fatetur, dum beatæ

Excipitur novus hospes aulæ.

Quis ora pallor tristia civium

Inane flentûm lividus occupat?

Quantique vagitus Parentis

Atria jam subiêre mœsta?

Quid vana tristî lacryma funditur

Super sepulchro? quid querimonîæ?

Nîl sæva formæ, nîl Juventæ,

Nil Fidei, Libitina parcit.

Tristis per agros Lappa renascitur,

Diuque floret Carduus horridus,

Urtica fibras lætiores

Vere novo rediviva tendit;

Crocus

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Crocus reverti nescius interit,
Suavesque Narcissi, et breve liliū,
Rosæque dulces manè florent,
Vesperè diffugiunt caducæ.

Henricus Cavendish Coll. D. Petri
Honoratissimi Domini *Caroli Cavendish*
Filius natu major.

SERTA dum tumulum sacrum coronant
Quicquid protulerint vireta Grantæ
Pindo fertiliora fabuloso ;
Dum plectris gravioribus FRED'RICUM
Musæ nobilitant perenniores ;
Ecquid carmine molliore ludens
Fertur Musa procax, solutiorque
Lascivit numeris Catullianis ?
Non quales calamo pereleganti
Fudit suaviter improbus, leporum
Argutus pater et facetiarum :
Nec cantus lepidos nec elegantes
Poscunt exequiæ : — Tuos honestis,
Spes O ! nupera, nunc dolor tuorum !
Fas sit luctibus excitare manes,
Fas sit spargere debitâ favillam
Calentem lacrymâ ; inclytumque nomen
Ah ! nostri venerentur impotentes
Fletus, rusticulæque dona Musæ,
Quæ nusquam poterit tuas tacere,
Nec digne didicit referre laudes,
Ergo flebilis occidit dolentum
Lux, desiderium, decus Britannum !
Cui, si quid pietas valeret usquam,
Si quid pectoris integri serenum,
Si mens candida, candidique mores,
Si quid nobiles — Non mori liceret.

Ergo

LUCTUS.

Ergo flebilis occidit — FRED'RICUS!

Hoc sub nomine quippe continetur

Quicquid tempora vel tulere prisca,

Quicquid sæcula vel dabunt futura!

At non flebilis, immemorve stirpis

Heros BRUNSVICIÆ patrisque magni

Leti pertimuit ruentis ictum :

Summum nec metuens diem, nec optans

Victor composito serenus ævo

Vidit quicquid atrox acerbiusve

Flecti nescia pertulere fata.

Illum nempe Deis et altiori

Mors Cœlo dedit ; — O ! nimis beate

Quem curæ fugiunt amariores,

Cui sol occiduos serenat annos

Felices fatis atque gloriosos !

Cui sedes pietas recludit, inter

Heroas atavos, tot inter umbras

Magni nominis inclytosque manes !

At te non ita creditum Marita,

Te charâ sibi luce chariorem,

Votis, ominibusque, lacrymisque

Heu frustra petit ; inquieta mortem

Sævam parcere jam vocat superstes ;

Jam solatiolum pii doloris

Spem sæcli videt et Decus futuri

Regni reliquias Tuique Iulum ;

Quo tu munere majus ampliusve

Nil dâbas pater : Hunc paterna Regna

Hunc virtus manet, hunc avita fama,

Seu mortem geret, arbiterque belli

Metas Borboniis dabit triumphis ;

Seu mitis potius velit vocari

Salus, delicia, pater suorum,

FRED'RICI memor, æmulusque GEORGI.

Johannes Armytage Baronettus Coll. Trin.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad Serenissimum

GEORGIUM WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM.

SPES, nuper altera, prima nunc Britannia,

Sic ille voluit summus omnium arbiter

Potens vel ipsis imperare Regibus,

Qui Regna iusto ponderans examine,

Hic ponit apices, inde sublato rapit :

Dature feris jura quondam posteris ;

Dum facilis ætas patitur, et animus sequax

Artes in omnes, disce nunc præludere

Sorti futurae ; disce nunc quid debeas

Patriæ, quid illa debitura sit tibi.

En quanta sese laudis aperit area !

Persona quanta sustinenda te manet !

Defideretur ut minus tandem pater,

Gentis voluptas heu ! brevis, longus dolor :

Hæreditatis jure cum sceptro ut simul

Avita virtus in nepotem transeat.

Tu, destinatus imperare liberis,

Parere prius assuesce ; inoffenso pede

Dum lubricæ per semitam Pueritiæ

Ducens volentem leniter Mentor tuus,

Primum esse civem, deinde Principem docet :

Generosam et indolem, insitamque vim boni

Cultu salubris disciplinæ roborat.

Procul O ! faceffat ; sed tamen veniet dies,

Acerba, quamvis fera ; sed aderit dies,

Quando Ille plenus Gloriæ, et vitæ satur,

Cælo receptus grande depositum tibi

Tradet tuendum : in te gemens Britannia

Recumbet inclinata : Tu pectus tibi

Casus in omnes et virile, et Regium,

Ac par secundis, majus adversis, para ;

Utrobique constans, et simile semper sui.

Custo-

LUCTUS.

Custosque juris civium, et tui tenax,
Regnare doctus; nec sacri fastigii
Oblitus unquam, nec tamen nimis memor;
Ingredere Cœlis auspicantibus; Duce
Virtute, famulâ forte, comite Gloriâ.

Gulielmus George S. T. P. Coll. Regal. Præpositus.

AH! quid id est vitæ, quod vivimus? aurea mentes
Spes alit arrectas, blandaque cupidine mulcet:

Interea lethi vis improvisa recidit

Ævi delicias, et funere mergit acerbo.

Sic vitale jubar male præripit invida nubes,

Et gelidæ circum caliginis incubat horror.

Ecce Unus, flores inter pulcherrimus omnes,

Angliacis quotquot Vertumnus fovit in hortis,

Ah modò qualis erat! quali lætatus honore

Arduus ad solem late spirabat odores

Prodigus ambrosios! mirantur ruris alumni

Dulce suum decus; et spes forsan larga futuri

Pæpetuo spondet florentem vere coronam.

Hei mihi! Tartarei penetrabilis ingruit Euri

Halitus insinuans fibris lethale venenum,

Extemplo vegetus refugit vigor omnis, et Ille

Languescit moriens, animamque exhalat in auras.

O Decus! O dolor, et magni spes irrita voti!

Teque adeo, Musis peramabile nomen, et usque

Flebile! quem validæ gaudentem flore juventæ

Vidimus, innumeros ausi promittere soles,

Longævumque decus, subiti vis invida fati

Te, FREDERICE, rapit, communi clade, Tuorum

Abrumpens plausus, expectatosque triumphos.

Qua sola poteras, nunc primum mortē dolorum

Materiem præbes, Princeps dilecte, Britannis.

Induit haud vanum pullata Britannia luctum;

Et,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Et, desiderio mentem percussa fideli,
Ingemit, extinctæ recolens virtutis honores.
Artes ingenuæ, tua cura, querentur ademptum
Cultorem Te Patronum: Pictura, Poësis,
Phidiacusque stilus Domino tibi præmia reddent
Debita, et ad memores descendet fama nepotes.

O, quas Ille pio frustra dilexit amore,
GRANTIADÆ MUSÆ, luctus adhibere canoros
Ne pigeat, tumultoque sacrum superaddere carmen.

Me tacitum vanis juvat indulgere querelis,
Aut sylvas inter noctis reptare per umbram;
Qua Philomela latens iterat miserabile carmen,
Dulcisono tristes cantu fallente Dolores.

Gulielmus Richardson S. T. P. Coll. Emman. Magister.

PULLATI proceres solennesque ordine pompæ
Exequias solvant cùm, FREDERICE, tuas:
Ore chorus tremulo cùm carmen lugubre fingat,
Regalique cubent ossa repôsta rogo.
Hoc generi titulisque tributum est; pompa doloris
Publica nempe tuo convenit illa loco.
Qualis eras, loquitur vero gens obruta luctu,
Et tua sollicito victa dolore domus:
Augusti multo accumulati munere manes,
Et virtus fidis commemorata modis.
Pressa malo filet en! tam infando regia conjux,
Pervigili studio mæstitiaque jacens:
Mox plorat raptum in lacrymas effusa maritum,
Pallentesque rigat plurima gutta genas:
Jam pectus firmat maternum nomen, et ægras
Jam revocat curas connubialis amor.
Corde tremit proles tacito percussa timore,
Balboque avulsum postulat ore patrem;
Ereptum ex oculis oculoque animoque requirit,
Alloquium mite atque oscula blanda petens.

Et

ACADEMIA BRITANNICA LUCTU S. IMMO

Et meritò tumulum lacrymis urgete ministri
 Principis, et planctus ingeminate graves.
 Hic lene imperium gessit; sermone benignus,
 Moribus et facilis, comis et ore fuit.
 Dona nec assiduo deerant, nec gratia fido;
 Nemo merens munus munere cassus erat.
 Hæc verò est cunctis justissima causa dolendi,
 Qui magis hunc novit, quòd dolet ille magis.
 Huic nunc supremos gens mæsta rependit honores,
 Hæc musis charo munera musa refert:
 Hos fundit questus umbræ officiosa colendæ,
 Ægra animoque melos exequiale canit.
 At nobis adsis, Rex clementissimè nobis
 Tu magnum post hæc fata levamen eris.
 Jura diu populo memori des lenia, ducant
 Et tibi fatales stamina longa deæ.
 Te vitæ exemplum sibi sumat regia pubes,
 Teque diu circum stet venerata senem.
 Te videt hæc, videat teque ætas altera mitem;
 Tu laceræ perstes anchora sola rati.

J. Green S. T. Pr. Reg. et C. C. C. Magister.

O Serva lethi Tisiphone improba,
 Non te feremus regibus hospitem:
 Vixere chari, nec licebit
 Principibus fatiare Ditem.
 Testata quondam te infatiabilem
 Frequens tyrannis pyramis ad Pharum;
 Nec Dardani gens flexit Orcum,
 Nec Priami numerosa pubes.
 Nunc alteram Trojam haud minus aspera
 Tu visitasti: Pergama de novo
 Sterni videntur, dum gradatim
 Ilion atteris Anglicanum.

D

Tu

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Tu rege natum corripis optimo,
Tu civibus spem, quam Superum pater
Anglos volebat nos fovere
Imperii cupidos perennis.
Immitis orbas Andromacham Hectore,
Quos chara conjux, quos et amor pius
Sentit dolores, sæva fundis
In viduam, et sobolem relictam.
Pergisque sanctum vel Priamum gravi
Tentare morbo: quem Deus eripe
Orci ministris, ut solebas
In medias acies ruentem.
Spectemus illum in concilio anxium,
Ut se resignat non timidus mori,
Dum mandat AUGUSTÆ tuenda
Imperii, Britonumque jura.
Nunc et paventes restituit lares,
Prisca reponit sede Britanniam,
Sub matre dulci dulcem avitis
Moribus ASTYANACTA nutrit.
At se beari dum videt Anglia,
Hæc audientes dum proceres sedent,
Tranquillus, immotoque vultu
Se Proavum tumulos manere
Agnoscit Heros: non aliter tamen
Quam si Senatus longa negotia
Mutaret agris, rus paratus
Visere, Vinforiæque turres.
Illi precemur nestoreos dies,
Producta cernat secula non sua:
Sic mortis iram te perempto
Vincimus, Oh FREDERICE noster!

Kenricus Prescot S. T. P. Aul. Cath. Magister.

LUCTUS.

O Qui mortali functorum munere blanda
Cœlestes animas ducis ad astra manu;
Accipe præcipiti quem flemus morte peremptum,
Ultra quem nobis aspera fata negant,
Heroumque choros inter, quos Anglica quondam
Terra tulit, nunquam non memores patriæ;
Et sponfos inter fidos, charosque parentes,
Illi concedas, Spiritus alme, locum.
Quod si felices umbras mortalia tangunt,
Cura super Patriâ si manet usque suâ,
Ultro Hunc compelles atque his solabere dictis,
Nec vanos edet præscia lingua sonos.
Est Tibi longinquæ stirpis non degener Hæres,
Olim accepturus debita sceptrâ Patri.
Nam veniet, sed sera tamen, labentibus annis,
Luctu absque et lachrymis non memoranda dies,
Cum tandem Augustus, Famæ fatur atque dierum,
Supremam felix ibit ad astra viam.
Sed prius, exemploque gravi monitisque Nepotis
Firmabit vires, ingeniumque colet.
Quo regere imperio populum; quæ bella gerenda;
Quid sit pacis opus; qui socialis amor;
Quæ mæstam in Matrem pietas; virtute relictâ,
Despectâque Fide, quot subeunda mala;
Sit rectum quodcunque, docet Regem ille futurum.
Quodque docet vitâ comprobât ipse suâ.

Philippus Yonge S. T. P.

Regi à Sacris,
Academiæ Orator.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ام فاد الشريفتنا *

ام باد العبدنا *

شريف في يفتة

يجاز لظلمة *

نجبة جنيت *

نصرتنا نويت *

اله كك انسان

اغراض لزمن *

ما الا ابن يومه *

لا هو ابن امه *

كك ساكن الملك

يتدد ويشكي *

ويكتسي مسوحا *

ويلبس سلبا *

كك عين ييكون *

سرورا يمحون *

والغرب يدفتون

L. Chappelow S. T. B.

Linguae Arabicae Professor.

ACADEMIA LUCTUS

מחלך בת עמי כי ישבת
כאלמנה ברך כי לך
בראש עפר רב כי כל-איש
בחצותך בכה הלך

כבודי אבר לא מאכוב
כמאכובי חלל צבי
אשר בכלבני היה
האור עני ושוש לבי

בראש לבנון רם ארז
זהוא רומם מכל-שרים
אדיר כגור ארזה גבור
כנשר מעוף שמים

איכה נפלת בן שחר
איכה נפלת שר גבור
חמודות עמך פרות
לא פרו נפשך מבור

מי יתן כגור המלך
נעים זמירות ישראל
ואמרתי בשירים מה
תחלות שרנו מה אל

כלי שמחתי אברו
עמו ורוחי כלתה
ימיני שכחה לא-עוד
זמרה בלשוני היתה

Thomas Harrifon A. M. Coll. Trin. Soc.
Linguae Sanctae Professor Reg.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

MUSARUM tandem delubra incognitus hospes
Ingredior ; Pietas pandit amica fores.
Te sequar ; ad tumulum fundam, FREDERICE, querelas,
Mœstus et imponam munus inane rogo.
Tu dilexisti Musas. quos nuper honores
Te sibi fingeant sospite Pierides ?
Frustra : sed gratâ citharis tibi mente perennes
Auratis laudes ante sepulchra canent.
Tu placidas pacis coluisti sedulus artes ;
Cœperunt matres bella timere minus.
Sed cadis ante diem : nequicquam pace Britanni
Per te sperabant candidiore frui.
Vesper adest : condit sub terras lumina Phœbus ;
Splendebit rursum cras renovata dies.
Autumno in filvis foliorum decidit imber ;
Pristinus arboribus vere redibit honos.
Nos semel occidimus ; nobis non veris honores,
Nec poterit virtus ulla referre diem.
Humanos quoscunque ferat natura dolores,
Omnes longa aufert imminuitve dies :
Tu sola, AUGUSTA, hoc contemnis triste malorum
Solamen, fidi conjugis usque memor.
Virginibus nondum natis descendet in aures
AUGUSTÆ pietas atque maritus amor.
Quàm varias mortem remorandi flebilis artes
Tentaſti, vano pallida amore genas !
Nec passa es somnum lassatos claudere ocellos.
(Solicitos animos deserit alma quies.)
Occidit ; et jam animo forti perferre dolorem
Idem te tacito pectore jussit amor :
Ille vetat lacrymis nimis indulgere, sepultos
Ne nimius cineres lædat et ossa dolor ;
Ille tibi ostendit communia pignora natos,
Ostendit duplex nunc onus esse tuum.
Vivite, spes Britonum ; videas quâ mutua flendo
Cum matris luctu pars sociat lacrymas ;

Expers

212 L U C T U S.

Expers curarum pars altera ludit in aula
Nescia, maternæ cur maduere genæ.
Hùc oculos flectit tacitos, ævique futuri
Eventura alto pectore versat avus.
Te duce, regnandi jam leges GEORGIUS alter
Coram majorum discet imaginibus;
Atque olim longo post tempore jura volentes
Reddet per cives æqua, imitatus avum.
Te, Pater, in terris remorentur vota tuorum,
Atque diu nobis lætus adesse velis.
Serus et accipias, quæ justos præmia reges,
Plenâ quâ fulgent sidera luce, manent;
Reges, cuncta hominum qui posthabuere salutem,
Et populos flectunt lenibus imperiis.
Hæc vota ad delubra ferunt longo ordine, Phœbus
Quos usquam e curru despicit Angligenas.
Hæc te spirantem audimus, FREDERICE, sepulchro,
Nam patriæ cineri vivit inustus amor.

J. Brown Aul. Pemb. Soc. et Acad. Procurat. Sen.

HEU variæ rerum facies, malefidaque Fata!
Lubrica labuntur de pectore gaudia, et instat
Tristitia, alterno quatiens præcordia regno!
Quæ modò festivos agitabat amabilè ridens
Musa jocos, pacem cantu comitata decoram,
Jam ruit in lachrymas, querula et modulamina fundens
Lugubrem viridi Cyparissum inducit Olivæ.

Sidus en Angliacum, medio vix orbe peracto,
Occiduum, nimis Ah! properans, jubar occulit umbris.
Quæ FREDERICE, tuis O semper flebile nomen,
Semper honorandum, quæ te ocyor abstulit aura?
Cœperat haud pridem tibi deflorescere vitæ
Verna dies, matura tuam modò coxerat ætas
Virtutem ingenitam, quæ, exuto ardore juventæ,

Mitior

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Mitior effulfit, tepuitque calore benigno.
Tramite tu vitæ tranquillo et valle reductâ
Leniter incedens, sparsisti plurima passim
Dona manu tacitâ, lento ut languore serenus
Fundit opes Thamesis, lambens feliciter agros.
Artibus altricem porrex' ti infantibus umbram,
Tutelaque orbis, viduo et solatia lecto.
Te stimulante, foro fremuere negotia pleno,
Auspice te, confectus in otia tuta recessit
Navita, qui patrias ditârat mercibus oras.
Qualem eheu luget gemebunda AUGUSTA maritum,
Quàm facilem proles tua pulchra et plurima patrem!
Patrem tota gemit plangoribus insula diris,
Mœstaque per miserum serpit contagio vulgus;
Lumine tu lachrymam absterfisti blandus ab omni,
Omnia et assiduo te plorant lumina fletu.

Quàm lato hîc fas est et opimo currere campo,
Quantaque virtutum sese explicat aurea messis!
Languida at effrænem compefcere Musa dolorem
Aggreditur, fatis contraria fata rependens.
Namque en, dum superas surgit FREDERICUS in arces,
Altera adhuc animæ pars et pater optimus Anglis
Interfunt, acris solamina dulcia luctus.
Aspice dein longo ut nitet ordine regia proles,
Quam gremio placidè excipiens avus imbuit almus
Moribus ipse suis, et ad ausâ ingentia tollit,
Artifici teneras effingens pollice mentes.
Hinc sobolem GEORGI ventura fatebitur ætas,
Heroas mirata novos, pueriliaque arma;
Parvulus hinc aulâ qui ludit Iulus avitâ,
Te spectans, FREDERICE, sequetur passibus æquis,
Angliacasque reget patriis virtutibus oras.

Jonathan Wigley A. M. Coll. Christi Soc.

Academix Procurat. Alter.

LUCTUS.

Ad Celfissimum

GEORGIUM WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM.

JAM datum justo fatis heu ! dolori,
Angliæ spes deliciæque, vanos
Siste jam fletus, Britonumque prodi
Publica Cura.

Moribus vultuque potens paterno
Civium luctus relevare, patrem
Fac minus ploret populus, tuoque
Fixus in ore

Læta jam regni capiat futuri
Omina ; hinc tandem recreata mœstum
Eriget mater caput, et lubenter,
Flebile ridens,

Debitas nato bibet aure laudes :
Seculo indulgens Avus imminenti,
Gestiet tali sacra traditurus
Sceptra Nepoti.

Hujus exemplo, precor, hoc magistro,
Dulce certamen fubeas, magisne
Te velit saluum populus, tibine
Carior ille.

Teque siquando fera bella poscent,
Excitet laudis patriæque salvæ
Præmium, æterno viridans honore
Patrua Laurus.

*Thomas Townshend Aulæ de Clare Socio-Commenfalis,
Hon^{bilis} Thomæ Townshend Filius natu Maximus.*

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUID diu vanas feriente nubes
Vota fallaci jaculamur arcu?
Sedulus metæ, properat caduci
Impetus ævi.

Parce crudeles onerare Divos
Impio questu; fuge pertinacem
Flere fortunam, tibi ne fecentur
Stamina vitæ:

Ipse debetur FREDERICUS ægræ
Legibus mortis, choreasque Divûm
Inter et plausus, repetit sequaci
Astra triumpho.

Sic cadit crebro rosa, lucidorum
Syderum sacros imitata vultus,
Quam gravis stravit notus, et sonoris
Imbribus Æther.

Quem fui raptum gemuere cives,
Hic diu vixit; sibi jam merendo
Vindicat longum FREDERICUS Ævum,
Incola Cœli.

Pone surgentes super orbe curas;
GEORGIUS regnat, dare jura recti
Splendide fortis, patriæque sanctas
Dicere leges.

Sic parum invisam capias quietem;
Sic fluat vitæ tenor expeditus
Tristibus curis, Heliconæ quæras
Lætus et Alnum.

Richardus Savage Lloyd Coll. Div. Johan.
Socio-Commenfalis.

LUCTUS.

QUI Columnen Imperi foret Britannici,
FREDERICUS occulitur nece.

Superfuites plorare vobis, Posterì,

Quod habemus ipsi, linquimus.

Credetis hunc fortasse vobis debitum,

Sed Gentis impiæ Jovem

Succensuisse criminibus, et ocyus

Rapuisse cœlitus datum.

Pietatis ergo, ne sit et piaculo

Nobis, quod infortunium.

Parcæ reposcunt, quæ dederunt Mutua :

Hæc non fuere propria.

Fortuna sic jocatur. Huic ludibrio

Debemur Humanum Genus.

Luctus triumphos, nuptiasque funera

Sequuntur, ut tenebræ diem.

Dudum intonabat auribus belli fragor ;

Pax infecuta ; nunc bonæ

Sunt Pacis hæ fruges : Quid arma tristius ?

Quid potuit hostilis furor ?

Hoc flemus et nos, atque sero sæculo

Vos, Posterì, lugebitis.

Henricus Pelham A.B. C.C.C. Socio-Commenfalis.

CLAUDE, PATER cœli, nimium referata sepulchra ;
Claude, precor : pœnas gens fatis una luit.

Vidimus attoniti pullata per oppida Mortem

Spicula vindictæ ferre ministra tuæ :

Illa diu exarsit, Britonasque inimica gementes

Per terram stravit, per latus omne maris ;

Illa, tuo in Proceres nutu grassata, superbas

Non evitando perculit ense domos :

Ultimus accedit numero FREDERICUS ; et Illum

Mortis ab invito tela Parente ferunt.

Claude,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Claude, precor, jam claude; et sit tibi cura, videmus
BRUNSVICIÆ genti quod superesse Caput:
Sit satis hunc cecidisse Virum, volventibus annis
Qui Patris in folio conspiciendus erat.
Arbor ut in nitido præstantior omnibus horto,
Quam sol, cœlesti quam fovet imber aqua;
Cui vigor ingenitus, cui succos cura ministrat;
Exit ab irrigua nobile germen humo:
Illi maturos jam jam decerpere fructus
Autumno pastor conveniente parat;
Cum gravis adverso veniens Aquilone procella
Sternit, et à ripa proruit unda sua:
Sic primo, sic et medio FREDERICUS in ævo;
Sic festinato funere raptus obit.
Non formanda tibi, venerabilis Umbra, juvenus;
Vitaque præceptis erudienda Patris;
Non tua jam primo virtus properabat ab ortu,
Maturo posthac nobilitanda die:
Sed rata spes nobis: Tua CÆSARIS æmula virtus
Fulsit in Angliaco stella secunda polo.
Ergo lugubrem Brittannia tristis amictum
Induit, exequiis concolor illa tuis;
Et suprema tuo, Princeps miserande, sepulchro
Munera languenti fert Elegia manu:
Sed non et tanto respondet pompa dolori;
Nec par officio mœsta Camœna suo:
Altiùs infedit vulnus; perculsaque torquet
Corda, repentino faucia facta malo.
Hæc et, ab opposito spectantes littore, Galli
Inviti plangunt funera; plangit Iber:
Sentit uterque sibi quam vana potentia; sentit
Quam brevis humanum terminet hora decus.
Nec tu, Roma, diu nostro lætabere damno:
Pone animos iterum; pone, superba, minas.
Restat adhuc CÆSAR, furiis Papalibus hostis,
Qui tua victrici contudit arma manu;

FRE-

LUCTUS.

FRED'RICI suscepta toro manet inclyta Proles,
 Auspiciis Britonas quæ tueatur Avi:
 Semper erit, si quæ precibus fiducia castis,
 Ex illo Angligenis fonte petenda salus.
 Tuque, AUGUSTA, (sacrum licet interrumpere luctum
 Difficile, et curis imposuisse modum)
 Respice Te, quæ sis; quam clara stirpe creata;
 Respice Saxonidum qui numerentur avi:
 Alter in hostilem pro te, Germania, Romam
 Strenuus, et pura Religione stetit;
 Alterius decus est, ipsa inter vincula, belli
 Fortiter adversas sustinuisse vices.
 Respice Te, quæ sis; Genetrix pulcherrima Regum,
 Cura Britannorum publica semper eris:
 Hic Tibi erit requies; virtutibus Anglia debet
 Hoc, AUGUSTA, tuis; hoc, FREDERICE, tuis.

Gulielmus Barford A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

AT non lugubres citharæ trepidaret in ictus
 Singultans Pietas, nec pallida Musa fideles
 Stillaret lachrymas, si marmore purior omnis
 Candenti Virtus, mutâque silentior urnâ;
 Si connubia mollia, et intemerati Hymenæi
 Præmia, Progenies dulcis; si pulchra Pudoris
 Fama sequax; placidi si pectoris aurea posset
 Temperies, fugitivæ Animæ tardare supremum
 Excursum, gelidique umbras arcere sepulchri.
 Sed neque te nomen, Virtus, cæcumque vaporem
 Esse reor, quanquam duro frigentia leto
 Ossâ jacent FREDERICI: atqui non ille tremendum
 Flevit iter, regumve superbo pulvere junxit
 Singultantem Animam; quin frustra exanguia membra
 Diriguere, oculisque tremor fluitavit in ægris,
 Dum brutas terræ exuvias, elementaque tarda

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Excussisse arsit, rapuitque urgentia fata,
Et nostri risit moriens ludibria Mundi.
Exclamare licet, Virtus, divinitus hausta
Ignea vis certe es, quam non luctantia mortis
Semina, nudataque Animæ divortia summa
Perturbant, noctisque æternæ lubricus horror.

Et dubitamus adhuc, tantam concludier urnâ
Degeneri sprevisse Umbram? petit ocyus illa
Cognatas Superûm sedes, ubi largior Æther
Mortales purgat visus, cœlique capaces
Excudit sensus. — At non, FREDERICE, relictæ
Credibile est placuisse tuis obliviam terræ
Manibus, aut curas excedere funditus omnes
Corporeas; quamvis subjectam lampada Phœbi,
Atque humiles videas miris concentibus orbes
Labier in Mundum; quamvis se proluat haustu
Æthereo resoluta Anima, et spatietur anhelans
Exceptare Deum; sed enim dignabere Gentem
Vulnere nutantem crudeli, et inanibus aris
Diffisam miserari; at enim suspiria junges,
Dum thalami Conjux circum monumenta pudici
Stat lachrymans, fidisque urnam complectitur ulnis,
Voce ciens notâ; tanquam ipsâ in morte jugales
Ardescant tædæ, tacitique in frigore busti
Spiet Amor, curretque Hymenæum exangue cadaver.

Quin etiam interea Pietas tibi pectora tanget
Anxia, dum Soles nigrescere triste Parentis
Occidui trepidant. Necdum sublimior olli
Solvitur in lachrymas luctus, salvâque verendus
Majestate dolor: Pueri simul Ille GEORGI
Agnoscat vultus et luxuriantia corda,
Conscia præteritæ castigat imago juventæ
Imbelles gemitus; tum fervidus illicet ægris
Æstuat in venis sanguis, tum genua labare
Fida negant, quatit arma manus, torvumque corusca
Lumina scintillant, recaletque Oudnardia cæde.

Tuque

Tuque O perge, Puer, terrestria spargere circum
Gaudia, non Superis indigna: parentibus ortas
Esse Animas, vitæque recenti flamine mistas
Credo equidem, dum te famæ rapit ardor anhelus
Ingenitus, spiratque æquæva in pectore Virtus.

Job. Hallam Coll. Regal. Alum.

ΤΙΦΘ' ἔτω κροθίῳ ἀκαχημύρα φύλα βρεττανῶν

Αιάζουσι; πόθεν τόσον ἰκθυεν ἄχθ';

Οὗτος ὄλωλεν ἀνὴρ, ὃν ἐτίομεν, ὥσπερ ἀνακτα,

Ἄξι' αἰνάει φωτὸς ὄλωλεν ἀνὴρ.

Κῆρα μινυθάδιον ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΤ κλαίετε Μῆσαι,

Κλαίετε Μισάων τὸν φιλέοντα χόρεας.

Ἵμεῖς δ', ὧ χάριτες, λυγρὸν σιναείσεται, ἅμ' αὐτῷ

Ὀλυμπύῳ πολλὰ γῆν ἔλιπον χάριτες.

Δάκρυα νωλεμείως πολυδακρύτῳ ἔπι πύμῳ

Σπένδετε, τὸ φθιμύων ἐπὶ γέρας πύματον.

Ἦ σοῖς Αἰγλιγένεσι θνητῶν κροτήρ' ἄλγε ἔθνηκας

Εἰς Αἶδα κατὰ βαῖς ἀερένηλα δόμον.

Ποίῳ δὴ σε ἔπει μυθήσομαι; ἢ τί θροάζειν

Λῆς ἐμὲ, πτωτοίων μνάμονα σὺν Ἀρέτων;

Οὐποτε τόσον ἀνὴρ πρὶν ἐφίλασεν ἀκοῖν,

Οὐδὲ τόση σόεγγη παῖδας ἔθρεψε γοναίς.

Ὀλβιε Κῆρε γένοιο, τίσις δ' ἐβρεττανίδα γαῖαν,

Ὅσον ὁ διογένης Πατερίδ' ἔπει Πατῆς

Σοῖ κλέθ' ὀλυμπύῳ Πατρὸς μέγα, καὶ σεὸν αὐτῷ

Δοῖεν θεοὶ βιότῃ τέρεμα πολυχρόνιον.

J. Prior A.B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To the KING.

BY holy Ties to Majesty allied,
To aid her glories, or her cares divide,
The much-lov'd Granta in her faithful lay,
Of GEORGE's fortunes shares the fated day.

'Twas now, from FRED'RIC's soul she caught the flame,
Enrich'd her hundred arts with FRED'RIC's name,
Or plan'd the rising honors of his days
In the fair lesson of his Father's praise:
And now, dejected bends beneath the throne,
To speak a Father's feelings — and her own.

Ill-fated Prince! quick rose the solemn Shrine:
Nor future days, nor rising honors thine,
And pale Britannia in one sad decree,
Lost all She lov'd, — and all She hop'd in thee.

Oh! greatly form'd for Empire's better part,
To shape the manners, and inform the heart;
To bid Example raise the Moral high,
And lay the useless Storm of terrors by:
To warm each Virtue with the kindlier ray,
And the soft Sun-shine of domestic day!
Peace to thy Princely Shade — and on thy Stone
Let this sad, faithful, gen'rous Verse be known:

Britain ne'er felt a sorrow so sincere,
Or dropt a truer or more gen'ral tear.

George Blount Fellow-Commoner of St. John's College.

LUC T U S

AT tibi, si qua manet, Princeps, tellure repositos
 Ambitio, dabit Inferias pia turba tuorum,
 Questusque gemitusque; et mæsta voce ciebunt
 FRED'RICUM: neque enim per opaca silentia noctis
 Umbra subis tristes infleta, ingloria manes.
 Te quoque Pierides (si qua est ea Gratia) lugent
 Mæsta cohors; tibi, parva, sed hæc pia munera solvit,
 Nec premit indignas Musa importuna querelas.
 Illa moræ impatiens et magni conscia luctus
 Aut fletus incompósitos in carmina fundit,
 Discordesque modos; (verba imperfecta resorbet
 Immodicus dolor, et singultibus interrumpit:)
 Aut præmaturos ferali vincta Cupresso
 Excubat ante Rogos; ibi fertis busta coronat
 Funereis, umbræque pios instaurat honores.
 Eia age, rumpe moras, lugubres præcipe cantus,
 Diva potens numerorum! O! si qua Elegia fudit
 Exequiale melos, nunc O! miserabile carmen
 Flebilior magnos Regum miserata dolores
 Elicias; forsan socialis lacryma fletus
 Leniat AUGUSTÆ; fors et modulamine luctus
 Soletur miseros, et corda oblita malorum.
 Visa diu felix AUGUSTA! O Regia conjux,
 Regia dicta Parens! — At qualia dulce ministrent
 Carmina solamen, dum quicquid amabile, quicquid
 Egregium, moles jacet indiscreta feretro?
 Quippe sui impatiens animus solatia spernit
 Impia, lætitiæ fugit illætabile murmur
 Indignans; nondum mens exsaturata dolorem
 Haurit inexpletum, luxuque indulget honesto.
 Per Connubia læta, et felices Hymenæos
 Ire juvat miseram, sociæ per singula vitæ
 Gaudia: multa Viri virtus, multusque recurvat
 Gentis honos animo, et Pietas, quæ plurima lucem
 Occiduam clausit; tum Fata immitia deflet,
 Æternum deflenda; imis ea sensibus hæret
 Flebilis ah! semper, placituraque semper Imago.

H

Surge

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Surge age, lætitiæque vaca; tibi credita sæcli
Gloria venturi, spes et surgentis Iuli.
Illa tibi in Patrias artes formanda Juventus,
Dura rudimenta, et magni felicia Regni
Omina; Sic GEORGI voluit declivior ætas.
Et jam securus fati, lætusque laborum,
Tranquillus geminæ Senior confinia vitæ
Respicit: hîc circum placidos sibi pandere cœlos;
Illic auspiciis surgentem Heroa paternis
Crescere laude nova, et felices ducere fastos.
FREDRICUM interea memori sub corde peremptum
Deflet, castigatque decoro gaudia luctu.

Anglia læta tamen, nec tantæ præscia cladis,
Felix prole virum sæcli decora alta futuri
Prospexit; quanquam fati bis conscia Tellus
Terrificis miseram concussit motibus urbem:
Illa tamen Capiti secura, incredula caro
Canitiem feram et longos promiserat annos.
Tuque adeo nostris mitescere nescia votis
Impia Pax! Sic nos, sic demum in tuta reponis?
Hic Belli finis? quin jam crudelior armis
Mors gravis incubuit, victosque ulciscitur hostes.
Illa ubi perculsam grassata impune per urbem
Tot Proceres tulit, et Britonum fortissima frustra
Pectora, venturique dedit mœsta omina fati;
Majus adorta nefas, FREDERICUM numine lævo
Afflavit; furtim inserpens furiale venenum
Infinuat late per venas, abditaque intus
Spiramenta animæ letali vulnere rumpit.
Nequicquam Chymicæ Tormentum lene favillæ
Elicuit succos, vel quotquot Terra Galeno
Auspice fudit opes, medicasque salubrior herbas:
Major agit Deus; et terrenæ pondera molis
Excuteus, animam ad cœlos raptavit ovantem.

I Decus! I nostrum, melioribus utere fatis;
Sive per ætherias spatium licentius auras,

Magna

LUCTUS.

Magna anima, et nostri ridens insignia luctus;
Funereæ aspicias solennia ludicra pompæ;
Heroum seu læta choros atque agmina jungas,
Inter avos atavosque: ibi surgit plurima Regum
Progenies; ibi plena augustum in luce refulget
BRUNSVICI genus, et Virtutum splendidus ordo.

R. Sumner Coll. Regal. Socius.

AT non perpetuo torpet constricta veterno
Lingua, nec obsessis æternum faucibus hæret
Frigida: jamdudum Dolor alta silentia rupit,
Sicca diu largis humectans lumina guttis.
Squalenti luctus contristat imagine terras
Informis, gemituque frequens sine fine querelas
Integrat assiduas. — O! quæis securus in oris,
O! ubi mærentum fugiam illætabile murmur,
Dum nostra illacrymans lugubri carmine Musa
Ter quater ingeminat FREDERICUM: — Perdidit illum,
Perdidit ah! præceps icu Libitina maligno.

Tale pii funus FREDERICI, qualis et olim
Vita fuit. Quàm non animus mutatus ab illo,
Pacificas quondam qui non inglorius artes
Excoluit; studio nuper qui blandus amico
Lenia stillavit dulcis medicamina linguae!
Continuo Pallor dum livida morte sub ægrâ
Tristè sedens super ora exercet durus iniquum
Per membra imperium, nihil Hic formidine leti
Percussus, vultu subridet dulcè sereno.
Ecce anima indignans invisæ obstantia circum
Vitæ claustra micat, terrenaque vinc'la refugit:
Corporeæ impatiens angusto limite molis
Æstuat, et raptim cœlestis conscia flammæ
Ardet abire fugâ, superasque evadere ad auras.
AUGUSTA interea vesano turbida luctu
Exanimis tenuit FREDERICI flebile corpus,

Ipfa

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ipſa ah! flebilior; raptoque avulſa marito

Indoluit, Patriæ caſus miſerata futuros.

AUGUSTA infelix, quonam Te Carmine dicam?

Carmine quo ſobolem? Teque ô, quem blanda tepentem

Jam tollit gremio vitales Mater in auras?

Ah Puer infelix! — Felix hoc ſcilicet uno

Munere, quòd (ſecurus adhuc, et amabilis error!)

Venturi teneat mentem ignorantia luctûs!

Sed tu præcipuè, funeſta Britannia, carmen

Quale tibi ſumis? — nullâ Hæc ſanabilis arte

Irrita faſtidit medicæ ſolatia Muſæ.

Uſque adeo plorat, regnet licet ipſe per urbes

GEORGIUS Angliacas; furgat licet altera genti

Spes miſeræ, et paſſim teneros diffundat honores.

Anglia, triſte ſolum, jam tandem ſupprime queſtus,

Supprime, væ nimiùm generoſi prodiga luctûs!

Eia age, ſolve metum, Patria inclyta, ſolve dolorem:

Labentem Patriam dolor arguit. Aspice Regem,

Florentem imperio Regem! Puerum aspice, qualem

Gallia non jaçtet, nec Iberia ſperet alumnum!

Ecce Puer nitens firmato pectore queſtus

Reſpuit indignos: lacrymâ non Ille pudendâ

Dedecorat vultum: pluſquam puerilia membra

Maſcula agit virtus: quîn exultantia corda

Haurit amor Patriæ, et GEORGÎ non degener ardor.

Gulielmus Wright Coll. Div. Johan. Alumn.

I.

WEEP, weep the Verſe! no more the Muſe inſpires;
Adieu her raptures! and farewell her fires!

The Muſes weep — with tear-ſwolln eyes,

Mourning Death's royal ſacrifice,

In conſort ſad around,

They tread the hallow'd ground,

Where Kings are buried and where Kings are crown'd.

There

ACADEMIA LUCTUS.

II.

There in woe's sable shade deep-veil'd, in vain
Poets or court, or hope, access to gain;
Fruitless as joyless we invoke;
The Muses feel like us the stroke!
Intrude not (say they) on
This hallow'd ground, begone,
We've heart-felt griefs and sorrows of our own.

III.

O pompous house of Death! whose many a shrine
Weeps human Nature soaring to Divine;
Why bursts the vault? Why gapes the tomb?
To Heaven FRED'RIC's second womb!
There to Death's royal throne
Could not the Muse make known
A Nation's tears would deluge with her own?

IV.

Imperial house of Death! thy Genii weep
Royal Mortality intomb'd to keep;
O could they triumph over Death,
And joyful give a FRED'RIC breath!
Thro' Ages had he shin'd
The Darling of Mankind,
By nature for Britannia's bliss design'd.

V.

But, O ye Muses, O ye Genii, spare
To dwell in tombs with Britain's sad-lost Heir:
Heav'n's claim we never can deny,
Equal to me or Royalty!
Death's resistless art
Wings th' invenom'd dart
Deep in a Prince's as a Peasant's heart.

VI.

Come then, ye Muses, come from FRED'RIC's shrine;
Come, seek Apollo; teach us to divine;
Smile, shew the acts which Fame's proud Verse
Shall of her rising GEORGE rehearse:

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

The Grandfire's full-blown Name,
The Father's fair-bloom'd Fame,
Will kindle Virtue's Heaven-aspiring flame.

VII.

As, when a branch is lopp'd, the English Oak
Not trembles, but yet groans at ev'ry stroke;
Deep-rooted sov'reign tree! it weeps
Its loss, but Majesty still keeps:
So Britain's Monarch wears
A Majesty in tears,
Mov'd tho' the Parent, all the King appears.

VIII.

O sooth, Britannia, sooth his anguish'd mind;
The private heart-throbs to recluse confin'd:
Bare, O bare thy bleeding heart,
Social Grief's soft balm impart.
In FRED'RIC's GEORGE we'll find
A King to bless mankind;
'Twas GEORGE's plan embeam'd on FRED'RIC's mind.

IX.

As the pale Poplar, which the lofty Pine
With social shoots was kindly wont to join;
The Pine from her embraces torn
Widdow'd beholds a scene forlorn:
So fair AUGUSTA's mind,
For social bliss design'd,
Weeps, Solitude, thy dreary waste now left behind.

X.

As the Time-daring Cedar lofty rears
Her head immortal; knows no self-felt fears;
Yet in her kind'red Cypress grove
When falls the tree, she weeps with love:
So England's Cedar bow'd,
(A Nation's heart was mov'd)
When the tall Cypress fell thro' all the grove below'd.

Com-

LUCTUS.

XI.

Commerce I heard in London's royal Bourse
To her pale Patrons the sad tale rehearse;
Nor Sea's swell'd rage, nor Wind's wild roar,
Nor triumphs of the Rock-girt shore,
Did ever there display
Such heart-deep-sunk Dismay;
In FRED'RIC Fleets, Trade, Hope itself, seem'd swept away.

XII.

On Cam and Isis Fame's deep murmurs roll'd;
Science all-trembling heard the tale unfold;
Dejection bow'd the hoary head;
Joy from the jocund bosom fled;
Arts sicken'd; Nature beat
To silent Woe's retreat;
The Graces and the Muses left their best-lov'd seat.

XIII.

Tragic Melpomene slow-pac'd her sister led
Calliope, immortalizing Virtue fled;
Heark! Polymnia's chants engage!
Clio's History's fair page
Makes sweet Thalia mute;
Nor breathes Euterpe's flute;
Unstrung, Terpsichore, is thy golden lute.

XIV.

And yet our Bards their feeble strength essay;
Labour Grief's tribute uninspir'd to pay;
Tho' vain invok'd each Muse's Name,
They own, fair Gratitude, thy claim,
The debt to FRED'RIC's shrine;
To GEORGE the tow'ring Pine;
And to Thee, GEORGE, the Oak erst held divine.

Philip Bennet M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

HOW shall the weeping Muse in artless lays
Describe fair Albion's grief, or FRED'RIC's praise?
How shall the Muse in pensive numbers tell,
How Albion lov'd, how he untimely fell?
As some fair flow'r of beauteous May the pride,
With richest tints in Iris' colours dy'd,
Pluck'd by rude hands its vivid glow resigns,
And languid on its parent earth reclines;
Such Britain was thy hapless Prince's fate,
Mature and deck'd with all the Pomp of state;
Who soon, too soon alas! resign'd his breath,
Smote by the rude, the iron hand of Death.
Alike imperious Death extends his reign,
O'er scepter'd Monarchs or the humbler Swain;
He makes the mighty bend, the proud obey,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;
His potent arm bids Kings their Crowns resign,
And purpled Majesty to dust incline;
Beneath his hand all sons of earth decay,
As vapours dying at the morning ray.
But Virtue daughter of the radiant sky,
Rises sublime above Mortality;
Fresh in eternal bloom the heavenly Maid,
Shines bright in never-fading youth array'd,
Securely bids the virtuous and the brave
Despise the short-liv'd triumphs of the Grave.

T. Paget M. A. Fellow of King's College.

LUCTUS.

I.

NOT to condemn what heav'n's behest decreed
Sorrowing I mix the plaintive choir among,
And catch adventurous the oaten reed,
To sooth my pitious plight in Doric song.

II.

The heart with deadly melancholy fraught
Attempts in vain the balm of peace to find;
Till each crude anguish ripens into thought,
And strong expression frees the teeming mind.

III.

The artless murmurs of sincere distress,
If right I deem, not unmelodious flow,
Nor lays less rough than Attic tongues express:
Nature joins elegance to heart-felt woe.

IV.

I've Dirges read, the meed of hapless swains,
Of Orpheus, mournful bard! who erst could move
The stubborn breast of Dis; such were the strains!
Such was the force of constant woe, and love!

V.

Darkling sad Philomel is heard to mourn,
And sweetly modulate each swelling note;
She pours her soul in song, all as a thorn
Softens the music of her bleeding throat.

VI.

Ah wretched swain! Ah me I vainly dream!
Not mine is Philomel's, or Orpheus' skill;
Ill suits the richly-decorated theme
Discordant oaten straw, or shepherd's quill.

VII.

The lowly muse not soars for lofty phrase,
Nor rashly dares sublimer strains rehearse;
Ah could she hope to build immortal praise!
Then FRED'RIC, subject meet, should grace her verse:

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VIII.

Thee FRED'RIC, Thee the sympathizing streams,
Fountains, and trick'ling rills, and rapid floods,
Thee Cam, Thee Ifis, Thee meand'ring Thames
Lament, re-murmuring to the murmuring woods.

IX.

To Ocean they convey the grief-steep'd theme,
'Tis FREDERIC demands their ev'ry tear;
The sun-parch'd meads deny'd the wonted stream
No more the gayly-tinctur'd robe shall wear.

X.

Ye conscious flow'rs erst passing fair recline
Your wither'd heads, primrose, or violet blue,
Or amaranthus, or pale jessamine,
Or tulip streak'd with many a varied hue:

XI.

No more shall primrose sweet, or violet blue,
Or tulip gay, or amaranthus bloom,
Save where with cypress, where with pious yew
Proud they aspire to deck our FRED'RIC's tomb.

XII.

Great advocate of fair Astræa's cause,
Of science, trade, and peaceful arts the friend;
What tho' nor din of popular applause,
Nor Pæans loud for Thee the concave rend:

XIII.

A nobler praise was thine, ambition's flood
To stem, while others trod the path of fame;
In Thee shone ev'ry grace, and ev'ry good,
The husband, father, friend, and patriot flame;

XIV.

But death nor spares the virtuous, nor the brave,
He early bade Marcellus meet his doom,
Alike the fatal summons of the grave
Awaits the hope of Albion, as of Rome.

So

LUCTUS.

XV.

So Heav'n ordains — but if Marcellus dead
Each Roman cheek with many a tear bedews;
Well may Britannia droop her aching head,
For oh! 'tis her's a FREDERIC to lose.

William Hirst B.A. of St. Peter's College.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

ΚΑ'Ν παύδῃ, πόδας ἴχοι Ὀδοιπόρο· Ἀμύθε Φῶς
Τύμβε ἐν Ἀλικία τῆδε θανῶν ἔπυχε.
Φῶ, Φῶ· Ἀλίκον ἄνδρα κακὰ νόσῳ ἐξαλάπαξεν·
Ἄλίκον ἀμμι Φάῳ κρύψε νέφῳ θανάτῳ·
Χαιρέτω ἔτῳ ὁ Τύμβῳ, ὅς ῶ ἐνεκοίμισε κόλπῳ
Ἄνδρα φίλον Μώσαις, ἢ Χαρίτεσι φίλον·
Χαιρέτω ἔτῳ ὁ Τύμβῳ, ἰδὲ ἢ κτ' γαῖα καλύπτει
Τόσπον ὁμοῦ Κῦδῳ Πατερίδι, τόσπον Ἄχῳ.
Ἀγλιγενεῖς τόδε Μνάμα· καὶ Ἄνεσι τῷ πρῶτῳ
Δωροδῶν) κενέαν, Δάκρυα θέρμα, χάριν.
Τόνδε δὲ ἅμα κλαίεις, καὶ στυγνὰν, Πόντια Χήρα·
Τόνδε θ' ἅμα κλαίεις, Τέκνα τέ, ἢ Βεβήνας.
Κλαίει νιν ἔ Μώσα, τέρεν μὲν Δάκρυ τέοισι
Μισγομυρὴ δακρύοις, αἰάλινον δὲ γόῳ.
Ἄλλ' εἰ πένθει Μώσα πέλῃ Θεληπύριον, εἰδὲ ἢν
Ἐκ σώματῳ λείβειν Ἀλίκον οἶδε μέλι.
Θάρσσε, Ἀριστοκεία Γυνὴ, θάρσειε, Βρετόνωνι·
Ἐσὶ γὰρ ἀμφοτέρων, ἐστὶν ὁ κηδόμενος.
Πολλάχ' ὅς ἠλέησε τὸ πρὶν κακὸν, ἔμπεδον ἔσται
Καὶ σοὶ Ἀλεξίκακῳ, καὶ Βρετόνεσι Πατρί.

Georgius Baker A.M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

DOES then so soon all human glory fade?
The stream of life so stain'd with sorrow flow?
And, 'midst the verdure of the olive shade,
The baleful cypress circle GEORGE's brow?

Such the suggestions of distemper'd care;
From balmy sleep, from tears I sought relief:
No sleep refreshing came, nor soft'ning tear,
The vulgar solace of a mod'rate grief:

To my weak limbs 'till wearied nature brought
Of broken slumbers the uncertain aid;
Then mimic fancy took the place of thought,
And FRED'RIC's loss with lengthen'd care survey'd.

Urg'd on by anguish, o'er each sacred grave
Of Princes snatch'd from empire, now I rove;
Where William safe from the inconstant wave,
Or Henry happy in his father's love,

Or Arthur ravish'd from the bridal bed,
And later Henry still lamented, rest;
Some sad idea, from each hallow'd dead,
Crowds with fresh woe, and fills my lab'ring breast.

Still eager of the fruit that sorrow yields,
On fancy's pinions born I wing my way,
Far to that western isle, whose corn-clad fields
Rise in the midst, and * Scafull's highth display.

Three lofty Empires sunk in deep despair
Thence views Britannia; all her wide domain:
No thought of empire now relieves her care,
Scenes of past glory but augment her pain.

"Unhappy realms"; with falt'ring speech she said,
"E'er while the foremost in the list of fame,
"Soon is your joy, and boasted beauty fled,
"Which only stay'd secure on FRED'RIC's name.

* A mountain in the Isle of Man, from whence England, Scotland, and Ireland may be seen on a clear day.

L U C T U S.

" The kneeling priest now weeps before his God ;
 " Speaks the mute senate in heart-heaving sighs ;
 " The virgins faint with grief's oppressive load ;
 " And trembling infants join ill-boding cries.
 " And well his death such genuine sorrow brings,
 " Wide as the reach of his exalted mind ;
 " Who like an Angel spread his healing wings,
 " A sacred refuge to protect mankind.
 " Never did sickness pine, or want complain,
 " But, prompt to save, he stretch'd his lenient hand ;
 " Indulgent patron of Art's busy train ;
 " Friend to fair Science, and her honour'd band.
 " 'Midst the mild blessings of domestic joy,
 " In ev'ry part with equal grace he shone :
 " When public safety was his grand employ,
 " His, and a People's welfare were but one.
 " Such merit early spurn'd ignoble clay :
 " See! Edward, like in virtue and in fate,
 " Hails him the foremost in the realms of day
 " Of those bless'd saints, who guard the British state.
 " Cease then, my sons, your fruitless grief forbear :
 " Tune ev'ry note to GEORGE's sacred name ;
 " BRUNSWICK's bright race shall own HIS royal care,
 " And greatly emulate their FATHER's fame."

Rob. Richardson B. A. of Emmanuel College.

VER levi pennâ Zephyrus reducit,
 Veris at sordet facies Britannis ;
 Nil placet collis, nitida aut virenti
 Vallis amictu :
 Pone me, languens ubi luget amnis
 Murmure, et nigrâ nemus horret umbrâ,
 Hic mihi, mollis lyra, lætuosum
 Præcipe carmen.

L

Ergo

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ergo te, nostrum decus atque cura,
Urget æternus sopor? — an columnam
Patriæ excelsam pede mors iniquo
Proruit audax?

Decidant imbres oculo, tumescant
Corda singulta, neque jam dolori
Sit modus nostro; en ablit doloris
Dulce levamen!

Occidit fero FREDERICUS ævo
Flebilis, nullo periturus; almâ
Indole insignis, placidâque morum
Simplicitate.

Ille non altum genus aut inane
Nomen ostentans, pietate princeps
Splendidè evasit; diademâ virtus
Detulit illi.

Ingemens rerum columnen suarum
Rure mercator latet, ac inertem
Nixus in remum lacrymosa narrat
Fata colono.

Altero tecum moriente, Princeps,
Patre, sopitas renovat querelas
Orbus; et stillat viduæ recenti

Sanguine vulnus.
Quæ tuâ lusit recubans in umbrâ
Musâ, te raptum gemebunda plorat,
Debitâ spargens lacrymâ atque grato
Carmine bustum.

Beilby Porteus Coll. Christi Alumnus.

LUCTUS.

"ΑΡΧΕΤΕ δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεσθ' ἀρχετε Μῶσαι,
 Ἄρχετε τ' οἰμωγῆς, ἐλέηνα δέ νυῦ σοναχῆτε,
 Μακρὸν αὖσάσαι· βλάβεσθ' εἴλε Βριτάννιδα γαῖαν,
 Αἱ μέγα εἴλε βλάβεσθ'· ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ἀπώλετο καλὸς.

"Αρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεσθ' ἀρχετε Μῶσαι·
 Κλαίετε τὸν καταδυνάτα Βριτάννιδ' ἀστρα γαίης,
 Ἄ δ' ἐμὴ εἰ σιγαῖ σέρνων ἐνδοθεν ἀνιά·

"Αρχετε, τὸν δὲ λύκοι, εἰ τίγριδες αἰνογενεῖαι
 Θρέψαν ἀνηκεσον, πωδύτων ὅς' ἄλγεα λυγρὰ
 Εἰσορῶν, συγερὸν μὲν ἀνήνατο δάκρυον εἶβεν.

"Αρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεσθ' ἀρχετε Μῶσαι.
 Εὐχωλὴ πατέρους, κλεῖσθ' καὶ ἔρεισμα Βριτάννων,
 Θαύμα μέγ' ἡμετέρησι, καὶ ἐσομύνης γενεῇσιν,
 Τοῖσι φιλοῖσι φίλον, καὶ τοῖς ἐχθροῖσιν ἅπασιν
 Σφόδρα μὲν ἐκπαγλὸν· ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ἀπώλετο καλὸς,
 Ὡλετ' ἀωρεῖ πεσών, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσ' ἐκάλυψεν.

"Αρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεσθ' ἀρχετε Μῶσαι·
 Ὡχέτο αἱ ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ, ἀπώχετο Φαίδιμος ἀρχων,
 Οὐποτε ὅς νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέρας δουλοπρεπέας
 Τέχναις, εἰδὲ τρυφῇ ἀναλισκέμεν ἤδετο Φαύλῃ·
 Ἄλλοτε δὲ πατέρων θέμιδας, καὶ μήδεα πυκνὰ
 Συγκλήτοιο σκόπησεν ἰδύησι τραπιδέαςιν·
 Ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ γρίφους τε δίκης, φύσεώς τε πρὸς ὥπα
 Αἶολα ἀκρίβωσεν, ἀγροῖό τε δαιδαλέοιο
 Χώρον ἰδεῖν μεμαῶς, ἐκλειψᾶς δ' ἀκάμματος
 Δείκνυτο Ἡελίοιο, πονήματα ἠδὲ Σελήνης,
 Ἄλλα τε τέρεα πωδύτα, τὰ τ' ἔρανος ἐσεφθύνετο).

"Αρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεσθ' ἀρχετε Μῶσαι·
 Εὐσεβίῃ, Θάεσος τε, δικαιοσύνῃ τε σεβασῇ
 Ἀμφὶ ρὰ μιν χρυσέαισιν ἔπικρέτεον πτερυγέας,
 Ζωὸν ἔόντ'· αὖ νυῦ δὲ κραταῖν μοῖρα κίχησεν.
 Κλαίετε μὲν πότεραι, ἀνέμοι δ' ἐλέηνα γοᾶδε,

Ἄχω

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ἀχὼ δ' ἐν πέτρῃσιν ὀδύρεο, εἰπὲ δ' ἑ παῖσιν
Ὡς ἀγαπητὸς ἔλω, ὀλοφύεμενος ὡς δ' ἀπόλωλε.

Ἄρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεος ἄρχετε Μῶσαι·
Αἶλινα νῦν ὕλαι, ἢ δ' ἄλσεα ὑψικάρῃνα
Αἶλινα νῦν φύλλοις ψιθυρίζετε, νῦν δ' ἐπὶ δένδροις
Ὅρνιθες λαλαγείτε τὰ πένθημα, νῦν ῥόδα πῶντα
Νδν ἴα δ' ἐξ ὀδύνης ἐρυθαίνειτε· καὶ πλέον αἰ αἰ
Λάμβετε νῦν, ὑάκινθε, κόμαις· ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ὄλωλε.

Ἄρχετε δυσήνου, ἴτε, πένθεος ἄρχετε Μῶσαι·
Τῆνου μὲν Σάτυροι, καὶ Πᾶνες δαίμονες ὕλων
Τῆνου ἀκηχέμενοι μεγάλ' ἰαχον, Αἰ ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΝ·
Τῆνον ὀδυρομένην, ὅσας καὶ βένθεα πόντου,
Νηρείδες, Νηρῶς τε πατὴρ, ὅμου αἴθερα κόπῃον
Οἰμωγῇσι λιγέσσι, γόον δ' ἀλιάστον ὀρίνον.
Τοῦτο δ' ἐδ' ῥέει πρὸς ποταμῶν βασιλεύτατε πῶντων
Τοῦτο σοί, ὦ Θάμεις, βαρὺ ἄλγος. καὶ σὲ λέγουσι
Ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα γόοισι κυλινδέμεν ὕδατα λύγροις.

Λήγετε δυσήνης, Μῶσαι, ἴτε λήγετ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Τὶ χρεῖσμι' ἐναχέειν; καὶ κήδεα μυρία πένθει;
Πένθει τί κραδίῳ ἔδεμεν; νῦν οὐδέτε κλαυθμοί.
Οὐ γὰρ ἅπαξ κλεῖος Βρετόνων ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ὄλωλε,
Ζῆ δ' ἐμετ' ἀθρόοις, ἐν δώμασιν Οὐλύμποιο.

Λήγετε δυσήνης, Μῶσαι, ἴτε λήγετ' αἰοιδᾶς·
Ἦνι ῥα κυδιῶν, Ἦν' ἀμφω χεῖρε πετάσας
Ἀντιάει πάππος νῦν ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ· Ἦνι καὶ Ἀντι
Ἰεῖ Ἰσόθεον μὲν βλεπόμεν, ὥς ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ
Χεὶρ τίθει χρύσειον καλὸν δέπας· ἀμφὶ δ' ἡ χάρις
Σφόδρα μάλ' ἀντηχεῖ μέγας ἔρανος Οὐλύμπός τε.

Thos. Hopper Div. Pet. Coll. Alumn.

LUCTUS.

PRÆSENTIT subitura novos natura dolores ;
Et signa irati dant elementa Dei.

Vidimus intremuisse solum, et vaga flumina latè

Deferuisse suos expatiata sinus.

Ergo Anglis tantum infligis, Parca aspera, vulnus ?

Tantane vindictæ sunt monumenta tuæ ?

Pœnarum exhaustum fatis est — O parce Britannis !

Quosque dies nato demferis, adde Patri.

Thomas Rogerus Duquesne A. M. Coll. Regal, Socius.

בכו עמים אל שר אדיר
בכו כאבלים אח יקר :

כי אהב נעימות שלום
והוא הברכה לאמים :

איש ישר חנון ורחום
שנא החמס עשוקים :

נאהב מאד בחייו
וחכרו נעים במותו :

היה נקצר בימי עלומיו
בציצי שדה נמולו :

לא יושיע עוז ושאת
לא יושיע כל איש ממות :

כי מות בא יחד בארמון
ואתגם בסכנת אביון :

ברח מיד מות מי יכל
ונפשו לפרות משאול :

נשלח כמו ברק חצו
בל יפלט ממכתו :

כי בפתע החץ קטל
מזק עד נער ממולל

Fleetwood Churchill Aulæ Clar. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AWAY, fantastic Joys of human race,
Low Cares of gold and grandeur, pow'r and place:
Whether with titles, strings, ye win the vain,
Or strike the giddy with your tinsel train,
Or in some Ammon, panting for a name,
Rouze all the fierceness of ambition's flame!
Can ye, weak Triflers! when the freezing blood
No more thro' purpled channels pours it's flood,
Deck with it's velvet veil of damask dye
The lip, or lend new lustre to the eye,
Or thro' th' entangled texture of the brain
Call one idea to its feat again?

Thoughts dark as these o'ercast my clouded mind,
As near the place, where FRED'RIC lay enshrin'd,
I fate, and wept: when sudden to my sight
Fair Virtue, all in robe of waving white,
Burst forth: no lively look, no graceful glance,
Brighten'd her features: lost in pensive trance
Long o'er the tomb she paus'd; then with a sigh
Roll'd the full orb of her majestic eye,
And starting from her dream, — Such pangs, she cry'd,
Shot thro' my heart when laurel'd Edward dy'd;
Or when with flow'rs the grassy turf I dress'd,
Which spread it's verdure o'er my Henry's breast.
Yet of the chosen few I gave to share
From earliest times my tutelary care,
None in the dawn of op'ning youth disclos'd
Manners more mild, affections more compos'd,
Than Thou, lamented Shade! — as Reason taught
Her first faint light to glimmer on thy thought,
Pleas'd I observ'd each beam of merit break,
Ere o'er the glossy vermil of thy cheek
Crept the slow-springing down: I call'd thee mine;
And for thy brows oft wreath'd the regal twine,
Rapt with fond hopes to see thee on thy race
Reflect each manly art, imperial grace,

Which

LUCTUS.

Which soften'd in Augustus lawless sway,
And round Aurelius cast each milder ray.

How chang'd, how sad the scene! what Poet now
Shall with the warmth of bright conception glow;
Or who, quick-glancing on the mental store,
In the just sketch the moral beauty pour?

O Thou, in whom Love breath'd his purest fire,
And touch'd with ev'ry tender, chaste desire,
What did'st Thou feel, fair Mourner! in thy heart
Relentless Sorrow fix'd her keenest dart:

Else whence that languid posture of despair,
That sigh, and musing melancholy air,
That sudden start, wild shriek, as Death's cold hand
Loos'd the well-woven tie of Hymen's band?

GEORGE wept: while Britain's guardian Genius near
Pond'ring reclin'd his head, then drop'd a tear.

Ye Tyrants, Chiefs! in arms who madly shone,
Or who in gloomy grandeur fill'd a throne,
See all your glories, triumphs vanish! vain
The trophy'd arch, wrought marble, gorgeous fane:
The column, down whose sides your deeds enroll'd
Blaz'd in effulgent lines of letter'd gold,
Sinks in the dust: in vain the crumbling ore
A crouded list of conquer'd countries bore.
Fools! who on pow'r's polluted base could raise
Vile mould'ring monuments of venal praise:
Unless I dignify each action, Fame
Wafts but an empty bubble of a name.

O! could'st Thou, FRED'RIC, spring once more to light,
And dart thro' dim futurity thy fight,
And see each excellence, which once was thine,
Diffusing all it's radiance thro' thy line:
When Science, at some GEORGE's mild command,
Shall show'r her Attic nectar o'er the land;
Religion to all minds her fires dispense,
And warm to noblest deeds the social sense;

Commerce

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Commerce exulting foar with wings display'd,
While the broad main grows black beneath her shade.
More I had heard ; when streaming from the skies
A vapour swept the vision from my eyes.

Thomas Nevile M.A. Fellow of Jesus College.

UMBRAE merenti, Melpomene! sacra
Persolve ; cantus præcipe lugubres ;
Et flens coronam nocte gratam,
Triste decus ! tumulo recenti.
O ! si quis orci claustra recludere
Indigna posset, fidere pulchrior
Vel nunc adestes, Chare Princeps !
Deliciæ columenque plebi.
Te, Te, Parentem postulat Anglia
Dilecta quondam, Pieridum chorus
Mærens ademptum plorat, ipsæ
Præfidio viduantur artes.
Te spreta virtus poscit amabilem,
Dolensque quærit quo videat parem,
Parcasque pressâ voce culpans,
Invidet immeritum sepulchro.
Post fata vivis — mors nec ahenea
Totum perempti absorbuit, altera
Pars floret æternum, favensque
Arcibus ætheriis recumbit.
His Tu superbus sedibus infidens
Gentem benigno lumine prospicis,
Vellesque rursus ferre vitam,
Dum populo redigas salutem.
Hic cernis æquo numine GEORGIUM
Dantem Britannis jura volentibus :
Hic ordines pulchros dierum,
BRUNSWICIÆ dominante scepro.

C. Sparrow Coll. Div. Johan. Alumnus.

LUCTUS.

ἈΓΓΛΙΑΚΗΝ χθὸν' ἔλαττε κακὰ Βροχλοῖγ' Ἀρηῶν
 Δεινότερόν δ' ἡμῖν μείζον' ἔφηκε Θεός.
 Χεῖρ' Ἀΐδης Ἰπὶ βάλλε Διοτρεφέϊ ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΩ.
 Φῶς πικρὸν δώαμιν παγκρατέ' Ἰανάτῃ!
 Ζωεῖν εἰς αἶων' ἐλπίζουσ' Ἄνδρες, ἐπειδὴ
 Φείδε' ἔκ αὐτῶν Ζηνὸς ὑῶν Ἰδρύατ';

T. Okes Coll. Regal. Alumn.

IN TUMULUM PRINCIPIS.

MIRARIS niveis nutantia faxa columnis,
 Hospes, et exsculptum, Qui tenet ima, virum?
 Quid si animum, moresque pios, et pectora nosces;
 Pectora, Phidiacâ non imitanda manu!
 Non hunc sanguinei pellexit gloria campi,
 Non falso armorum lumine strinxit honos.
 Quæ decuere Hominem, novit, Quæ Principis artes;
 Quid tibi, quid Patriæ debuit ipse suæ
 Magnus in imperiis — regeret quis dignior orbem?
 Jura daret populis, Qui sibi jura dedit!
 Notus erat pietate, et notus amore suorum,
 Angligenûm Princeps nomine, mente Parens.
 Sed quid opus titulis, vel sculpto marmore? Cœlum
 Est tumulus, cineres Anglia, ut urna, tenet.
 Ritè tamen luctus pia vœtigalia solve
 Manibus: hæc peragens vota, Viator, abi.

“ Quos Parca immitis secuit de Principis ævo,
 “ Ut Regi adjiciat mitior illa, dies.
 “ Et quanto hic citius terras Britonasque reliquit,
 “ GEORGIUS ut tanto serius astra petat.

J. Harris Coll. Regal. Alumn.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

HAIL! chearful parent of the infant spring,
Ethereal Mildness hail! gladden'd by thee,
Renewing nature, as in early Prime,
When first in Paradise she play'd at large
Her virgin fancies; now again adorns
Her smiling face with each fresh-op'ning charm,
That waits on youth: nor doth thy quick'ning breath
Alone delight; nor yet the noon-tide walk,
Thro' Granta's budding groves; nor sunny bank,
Where first from out the moss the violet rears
Her fragrant purple: far superior joys,
Each vernal joy improving, here await
My solitude, if fitting of such name
It haply may be deem'd; for Science here,
Daughter of white-rob'd Peace and fair Content,
Attends my step, and kindly with me holds
Exalting converse; whilst playing on before
Hope spreads her painted wing, and with it hides
Each sad unsightly scene: nor does the Muse
Sometimes forget her pleasing aid to lend
Tho' uninvok'd; e'en now methinks I feel
The tuneful impulse, but the crowding themes
Solicit diverse, and with rival suit
Her preference court; Love prompting bids her frame
Th' impassion'd sonnet, to excite his fires
In fair Eliza's breast; Spring's trim array
Her fancy strikes with images, that form
Numbers unsought, and voluntary move
The facile lay; Britannia's peaceful throne
Fill'd with the best of Kings, and some time hence,
But Heav'n prolong that time, to be resign'd
To such a Prince, as merit's self would make
Her kingdom's heir, provokes her now to build
The patriot verse, and raise to higher strains
The sounding string. —

But

LUCTUS.

But ah! what means this evil-boding gloom;
This horrid damp, that chills my heart with fear?
Ah! wherefore fade away in early bloom
The promis'd honors of the riper year?

Why vanish all those dear betraying scenes,
That erst my soul to heedless transport led?
Why, like the airy sweets of traceless dreams,
Are all my peace-born, fancied comforts fled?

Too well alas! the dire event I ween,
That strikes its bane thro' nature's sick'ning frame.
Too well th' event is in the portent seen,
To need the doleful tale of ling'ring Fame.

Disastrous change! what doth it now avail,
That Britain once a matchless Prince could boast?
What boots the joy, that sorrow doth entail;
The joy, that's render'd dear but to be lost?

Rage on grim Death, thy triumph still encrease,
Nor leave us in despite a bliss to know;
Give us at once a merciful release
From ev'ry comfort, and compleat our woe.

For what's the highest pleasure man attains,
But a sweet pledge of misery at best?
If soon as e'er his passions once it gains,
Malicious Fate then tears it from his breast.

The flatt'ring Hope, the gayly gilded hour,
With all the joys in health and plenty found,
Serve only but to give Affliction pow'r,
And add the scourge Regret to gall its wound.

How weak's the thread, on which our lives depend?
And oh! how like to that are Pleasure's ties?
A hair, a breeze, the dearest life may end;
And that draw tears into a thousand eyes.

Forgive, O Heav'n! 'gainst Thee our mad complaints,
And Thou, O Prince! with our self-fondness bear;
In that we envy Thee the bliss of Saints,
And wish Thee here a mortal crown to wear.

Our

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Our highest glory, and our greatest friend,
In thy untimely death, we lost bemoan;
Bemoan each virtue fitted to defend
A kingdom's welfare, and adorn a throne.

Tho' what's our loss, who but at distance caught
His streaming love in its diffusive course,
Compar'd with theirs, who took its purest draught,
And drank it freshly flowing from its source?

To You, from whose embraces He was torn,
His own dear Offspring, and his dearer Wife,
Heav'n chiefly gave to taste, and doom'd to mourn
Each tender gift that sweetens private life.

But deep-felt anguish bursts the sigh in vain;
In vain we shed Affection's fondest tear;
For sighs and tears will bring him back again
No more than Virtue could secure him here.

Such sorrow more denies, than proves our love,
Whilst thus our common misery it shows;
For if Concern can reach the Realms above,
He'll feel it in his Friends, and Country's woes.

Then let us strive Grief's tumults to suppress,
And Death of all his tyranny disarm;
Implore kind Heav'n our suff'rings to redress,
And send some pledge of Fate's relenting arm.

And see, emerging from amidst the blaze
Of yonder op'ning cloud, Britannia beams
On my enliven'd soul a gladfom ray
Of Consolation; and e'en now behold
As bent on soothing Purpose and to greet
My ears with mildest utterance, she descends.

" Forbear, my Son, to wail or blame the stroke,
" Which Heav'n, in wisdom or in anger, sends
" T' afflict mankind: nor in despair surmise
" Thy Country's welfare, my peculiar charge,
" With its chief blessing lost; for yet, e'en yet
" Enough of comfort still remains to calm

" The

L U C T U S.

" The swelling tide of anguish, that o'erflows
 " Each Briton's eye; could they from thence remove
 " The dark'ning film that intercepts the view
 " Of future bliss; but I with virtual touch
 " Will strengthen thy weak fight, and to thy ken
 " Lay ope a scene of Ages far remov'd
 " In Time's expanse; as erst from Eden's height
 " Adam beheld, when Michael first had purg'd
 " His visual nerve with Euphrasie and Rue,
 " And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
 " Behold the veil by nature plac'd to bound
 " All human foresight, now uprising quick
 " To Heav'n's high vault, lets in upon thy sense
 " Prepar'd to bear the view, a lucid train
 " Of many bright succeeding years stretch'd out
 " In fair perspective; first survey the tract
 " To its far distant verge, which GEORGE's life
 " Fills up illustrious; onward now extend
 " Thy lengthen'd gaze, and see, where just advanc'd
 " To manhood's prime, my darling Prince ascends
 " The British throne; surviving still in Him
 " Behold each royal virtue deem'd as lost
 " With his lamented Sire: behold what days,
 " What happy days are thence continu'd down
 " To late posterity, e'er Time's extreme
 " Bounds the vast scene, and terminates thy view.

Thomas Cole of Queen's College.

Εἰς ἄλα δεξιομένη, νυμφῶν ἄτερ ἡρώδη, (αὐτὰς
 Πένθ' τε, σοναχή τ' ἀφθόγῳις ἔχουσιν) γλαυκῶν
 Λυσαμένη κόσμον πέπλων, Ἰπὶ θῖνι καθίζει
 Αἰνὰ βαρυσθενάχιστα Βρεταδηνία. κύμασιν αὐτως
 Ἐμβολ' ἀγνύμεν' ῥοθίοις, οἷαξ τε μελαίνης

Ο

Νηὸς

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Νηὸς Διποσσαδεὶς κῆται, παρθόνοισ τε δαμέντα
Ἰσία, καὶ πορθάδην σαπίδες, κώπαι τε ραγῆσαι.

Αἱ ὀρώ τὸν κύκλον ὀδυρρομένων παρὶ Νύμφῳ,
Ἄρχοντας, βασιλεῖς τε νέους, κλαίοντας ἄωρε
ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΝ τένεωτα. Φίλη τέος, Ἀγλία, δαίμων
Ποδ' τότε ἄρ' ἦν ὅτε κῆν' ἀπώλετο; ποῦ τότε Νήσε
Οὐράνιοι φύλακες, τῆς χελῶ τόδε πένθη ἐρύκειν,

Ἵμεῖς, ἐράνιοι φύλακες, τῶν αἵποι, ὑμεῖς
Χωόμενοι Βεζαννοῖς. ἢ κεν πολὺ φίλτερον, (εἰπῶν
Εἰ θέμις) ἐπὶ βροτοῖσι δεδωκέναι ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
Οὐπολε τὸν τριφίλητον, ἐπεὶ γ' ἀφέλεσθε δίδοντες,
Ἀνδράσι δείξααθ'. Φῶ, ὡς κακὴ αἰὲν ἐθίζῃ
Ἐξαπατᾶν Μοῖρ'. ἔχ' ἔτις λῖνα φρεσὶ κέκοπται
Μαρκέλλω μόλις ἠδῆτη; Γερμανικῶ ἀσπῆρ
Ἦειπεν ὡς, φίλ' Ἰταλιδῶν ποτὲ καὶ σ', Ἐδόαρδε,
Ἠέθεον, θαλερὸν, φθονερὰ Στυγὸς ἐκλυσε δῖνη,
Οὐνομ' αἰεὶ Βεζαννοῖσι φίλον, Γαλατοῖσιν ἀπεχθές.

Οὕτως Καμπυλῶν ὅτι τέμπεα χλωρὰ ρέεθροις
Λάδρα διεσπύζει βαθυδίνῃ Δήρι' ὕδωρ
Ἦσυχα καχλάζον, θέρε' μέσω ἡμαθί' Ῥοιὰ
Καρπῶ εὐβλασεῖ μάλ' ἀγαλλομένη κρηκόεντι,
Ἀνθρώποις μέγα χάσμα: φιλεῖ δέτε τῷ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Τὴν Δρυάδες τότε δ' εἰ χεῖμαρρ' ἀπ' Ἀπαιεννίνου
Αἰφνιδίως καταβάς ἀνεμῶ δαναῖσι θυέλλαις
Δενδρέω ἐμβρέμε'), τὸ μὲν ἔποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους
Ἵσερρον ἔξοισι, καλὸν δ' μαραίνει' ἀνθῶ.
Ἦειπε, κακείζωθεν ἀπώλετ' ἐρασμιον ἐρεῖ.

LUCTUS.

SOLA quidem ut meruit flevit Dea mater Achillem;
Sed tamen indoluit Græcia tota simul:

Marcellumque Maro celebravit carmine digno
Solut; sed cuncti non doluere minùs.

Sic, quamvis alium poscis, FREDERICE, Maronem,
Atque rogant grandes funera magna modos:

Sit tamen exili fas Te celebrare Camœnæ,
Quique aberit versu, sit pietatis honos:

Nam neque per tumulos sparguntur lilia sola,
Sæpe sed exiguis est violisque locus.

Jam Grantæ infueto languet mœrore juvenus;
Nec jactata juvant dogmata prisca seni:

Jamque olim lacrymas qui dedecus esse putavit,
Ipse decus lacrymis nunc superare putat;

Jam desiderium memorat doctrina querelis,
Nulla querela licet sat memorare potest.

Nec docti soli Te, Princeps maxime, lugent;
Quis potuit meritum non didicisse tuum?

En! luget Fossor; simplex en! luget Arator;
Aut nulla, aut Pastor tristitia sola canit.

Te vel dura dolent extinctum pectora Nautæ;
Immotumque suâ mors tua, Magne, movet.

At Patriæ quantum manet, heu! Commercia damnum,
Chara Tibi; quoniam Patria chara fuit.

Urbem habitans plorat, quod eras Tuque urbis amator;
Rura colens, quoniam ruris amator eras.

Laudibus extollunt variis, sed laudibus, omnes.
Namque satis cuivis, quod celebraret, erat.

Nec modo Principibus, Princeps, virtute præibat;
Civibus at, Civis, Patribus atque, Pater.

Sancto Conjugii vinclo renovavit honorem,
Fecit et exemplo sanctius esse suo.

At meritum hoc par est vobis, AUGUSTA, duobus;
Dilexisse, suum, Te meruisse, tuum.

Ah! nimium infelix, geminoque indigna dolore,
Et Patriæ casum flere, tuumque simul.

Nulla

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Nulla Tibi, fateor, miseræ solamina restant;
Culpa foret, tantum non doluisse virum.
At nos solatur Juvenis virtute paternâ,
Cui Libertatis crescit avitus amor.
Solatur Patriam, quòd, quanto surgit in annos,
Tanto, AUGUSTA, magis Teque Patremque refert.
Aureus effulsit sic ramus, eoque revulso,
Sic quoque succrescens aureus alter erat.

Job. Pilgrim Coll. Div. Johan. Alumnus.

SUNK was the solemn taper's sickly glare,
Serene the night and silent all the air,
The fullen drum, the cannon's pausing roar,
And the funereal knell were heard no more;
When I repair'd with a religious dread
To the dim mansions of the Royal Dead,
And trod the vaulted ground by Cynthia's light
Thro' story'd windows glimm'ring on the fight.
There as in Henry's awful dome I stray'd,
With Fancy's eye I saw each sacred shade
Start from the shroud, shake off th' incumb'ring dust,
And animate each venerable bust.
Saw fable Edward's Genius, still ador'd
By Britons, hover o'er his pond'rous sword;
And Henry terror-plum'd his falchion wield
Stern as in Agincourt's immortal field.
But soon from thence with trembling steps I turn
To vent my grief o'r that lamented urn;
Which moist with Britain's sorrow, now contains
The Parent's, Husband's, FREDERIC's lov'd remains.
"Ah Prince," I cry'd, while pity fill'd my eye,
"FREDERIC, endear'd by ev'ry social tie,
"When late I saw Thee drop a tender tear
"Of feeling sympathy on Juliet's bier,

"And

LUCTUS.

“ And heard thy youthful train with sighs confess
“ Humane Compassion at her feign’d distress;
“ How little thought I what a fatal blow
“ Would soon give cause for undissembled woe;
“ That we in sad procession soon should join,
“ And the next fun’ral obsequies be thine.
“ No longer now in Kew’s or Cliveden’s grove
“ That pratt’ling Train shall with Thee sportive rove,
“ No more their stories shall thy walks beguile,
“ Nor Thou repay those stories with a smile,
“ Nor view their eyes, and with a kiss declare
“ Thou see’st their Mother, thy AUGUSTA, there.

“ And oh! thou Partner of his happiest hour,
“ Thou widow’d Fair, a Partner now no more,
“ AUGUSTA, late what transports fill’d thy breast,
“ Bless’d in thy Confort, in thy Children blest!
“ On downy feet each golden moment flew,
“ Rich with such love as earliest Ages knew;
“ Thy envy’d Palace with such bliss was crown’d
“ As is in Palaces but rarely found;
“ Such bliss as ev’n the nymphs of rural plains
“ Experience rarely with their cottage swains.
“ But now” —

While thus I mourn’d, an undulating light
Swift-darting thro’ the fane dispers’d the night;
Each pillar bow’d, each sculptur’d statue shook,
And from the hollow vault these accents broke.

“ Grieve not for me, but yield to Heav’n’s behest;
“ I feel the sigh that heaves my Confort’s breast;
“ But know such virtue never can despair,
“ Bless’d with my Childrens love and Father’s care:
“ A Husband’s loss that Father shall supply,
“ Those Children train’d beneath her forming eye,
“ Shall well their Grandfire’s tenderness repay,
“ The fav’rite theme of ev’ry British lay.

P

“ Nor

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

" Nor think that thou shalt see the deathless Name
 " Of Britain, blotted from the rolls of Fame;
 " Ev'n when the last sad duties shall be paid
 " In these arch'd isles to GEORGE's honour'd Shade:
 " Another GEORGE shall then, ev'n then impart
 " Rekindling transports to each loyal heart;
 " Thro' dark Futurity my ravish'd eyes
 " View other Edwards, Henries, Williams rise:
 " I see, I see the blooming Train advance,
 " The pride of Britain, and the dread of France.
 " Bards yet unborn their praises shall resound,
 " Alike in Senates and in Fields renown'd,
 " Fair Freedom's throne they dauntless shall maintain,
 " And rule with sov'reign Nod the subject Main.
 " Then Britain shall with grateful joy embrace,
 " The darling Youths, and view her FREDERIC's race
 " To all their great Forefather's fame aspire,
 " Nor, when she views the Sons, forget the Sire."

J. Duncombe B.A. C.C.C.

JAMDUDUM nullas, inter gratissima pacis
 Otia securæ, prospexerat Anglia clades:
 Quippe nec Hispanas invasum navita classes
 Portubus exhibat, neque propugnacula Galli
 Tentabat miles. Fortuna severior urget,
 Quàm si conflictu periissent mille carinæ,
 Aut in Flandriacis heroum exercitus ingens
 Occubuisset agris. Lachesis fit acerbior Anglis,
 Quàm rigidus Mavors, aut exitialis Enyo.

Te, Princeps, flebo triplici diademate cassum:
 An vos, O Soboles! An tu, mœstissima Conjux,
 Tu miseranda magis? Non pervolitabis unâ

Mi-

Mirantes populos, et festas ampliùs urbes;
Non iterùm plausu solito Vos vèstra theatra
Excipient; risus dabitur non ore venustos
Cum blandis iterare jocis: risusque jocosque,
Tam pariles animos, tam faustos nuper amores
Nunc mors aeternùm, poterat quæ sola, revellit.

Quid si non litui clangor, non horrida cordi
Castra, nec armatam circum fervere juventam,
Fraternalque acies? at magnis quæque benigni
Indiciis animi, factis at quæque decoris
Nobilitata dies. Effulserat omnis adulto
Virtutum nitor ille Viro: succedere tandem
Dignus erat regnis, et laudi pene Parentis.
Sic fata prospiciens jam maturissima falci
Rusticus, expectat rupturas horrea messes,
Congeriemque auri, vacuumque laboribus ævum.
It messum cantans — Ast, heu! rubigine tactos,
Sulphureove stupet crepitantes fulmine culmos.

Sæpè importunâ fugiens FREDERICUS ab aulâ
Se sibi reddebat, curæ studiosus agrestis,
Hortorumque — Dehinc pictis cum floribus horti
Sint O! sint odio, quorum insidiosa voluptas
Hoc decus eripuit, Patriamque his fletibus opplet.
Attamen, O Britones, quos non sævissima fregit
Bellorum rabies, fletus ne frangat inanis;
Respicite egregiam, surgentia Lumina, stirpem:
GEORGIUS alter adest — Nec degener Ille, sed ardet
BRUNSVICI generis puerili in pectore virtus.
Maestè animi, Patriæ spes O rediviva labantis!
Quantus Avus nunc est, qualis Pater ante, memento;
Teque pari famæ, paribusque accinge triumphis.

Clemens Boehm Aulæ de Clare Socio-Commenfalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

מגן ואף צבי ארץ
פרדריך מרת עצבים רבו
אנא יה חושע עמך
מכל צרות אשר סבו

בני חורים וגבורים
ועתה יושבי תבל
האזינו אל דברי
ימי כל אנשים תבל

שפטי ארץ ומלכים
כי עשירים וחכמים
עפר אתם מן אדמה
ואל עפר עתה שבים

הלך אדם לא במישור
ואל גיא צלמות שחר
זקנים וגם בחורים
פתח מות יומם קורה

כמו חציר כל הבשר
וחסדו כצץ השרי
יבש חציר וצץ נבל
כן האדם כוח וצבי

יה ימינו למנות הודע
ונביא לב חכמה ותום
לחיות תמיד כמו פרדריך
כי אחרית לאיש שלום

תנון רחום גדול חסד
אתה מושל בשמים
צדיק בכל דרכך
תתן לו עטרת חיים

Rob. Hankinson M.A. Fellow of Chrif's College.

L U C T U S.

YES, there's an eloquence in mighty woe,
 And tears spontaneous into numbers flow.
 Come then, Melpomene, my grief inspire,
 Wake to sad notes the sweetly plaintive lyre.
 If ev'ry muse with FREDERIC is not fled,
 Pay this last tribute to the Royal Dead.
 Let each fair Science, which his mind approv'd;
 Each heaven-descended art his Genius lov'd,
 Rais'd by his hand, while all around they bloom,
 Grace with ingenious grief their Patron's tomb.
 O Prince, thy Country's guardian, boast, and friend,
 These are the titles which thy fame attend,
 Nobler, than Rome could coin for lawless power,
 Or slavish senates on a tyrant shower.
 Titles not subject to imperious Death,
 Or the frail changes of a mortal breath.

O ye, who still o'er England's throne preside,
 Inspire her actions and her counsels guide,
 Henry and Edward; and ye glorious dead
 Who fell at Poictiers, or at Cressy bled;
 Receive this Hero to your Patriot band,
 Another guardian Genius of our land:
 Just were alike your views, your end the same,
 And various labours answer'd one great aim.
 Yet stay, bless'd Spirit, if thy soul refin'd
 Leaves not each sense, each former care behind;
 If any ling'ring human thought remain,
 Thy Country's love may yet thy flight detain.
 Or in thy mind if softer passions rise,
 Awhile we'll rob Thee of thy promis'd skies;
 AUGUSTA's image shall thy love renew,
 And earth's low joys and sorrows live anew.
 See how amidst a train of subject woes
 A sov'reign grief the Royal Mourner shews:
 Applauding Heav'n observes the pious tear,
 And Angels pity their resemblance here

Q

Nor

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Nor would I teach Thee comfort from the schools,
Or give to grief like thine pedantick rules,
Weep on, Fair Mourner; each endearing name
Private and publick may thy sorrow claim:
The best of Husbands, best of men deplore,
Thy heart is human, tho' thy mind is more.
Yet may your Genius triumph over Fate,
England again may flourish, and be great.
While He, whose force the sinking State defends,
Whose laws protect, and whose example mends,
Observes thy sorrows with a Parent's eye,
Unites in grief, and answers sigh for sigh.
Behold Young GEORGE his Father's steps pursue,
And shine a FRED'RIC to the world and You;
See ev'ry virtue which can bless mankind,
Bloom in his face, and ripen in his mind:
Crouds as they gaze presaging transports feel,
And all that's English kindles into zeal,
To warm by actions, by example fire,
And his own life in ev'ry breast inspire.

This be his glory; and may Granta claim
Her share of honour in his growing fame:
Her's be the milder task, and gentler art,
The mind to polish, and to form the heart.
Her Sons, in action bold, in council sage,
Shall shine the Patriots of a rising Age,
Taught, or themselves or others to command,
And scatter Plenty round a fainting land.

These are the paths, Young Prince, the virtuous tread,
Belov'd when living, and ador'd when dead.
These are the arts, which made thy Father great,
And bid the Muse lament her Patron's fate;
These Heav'n implanted in his Godlike mind,
And gave the glorious pattern to mankind:
Shew'd to what height a mortal Man could rise,
And then recall'd him to his native skies.

F. Montagu Fellow-Commoner of Trinity College.

LUCTUS.

“**H**EU! quianam pœnis nondum exsaturata quiescit,
“ Iratique adeo furit inclementia cœli?”

Hæc mecum tristis: — Procerum dum funera longo
Ordine procedunt, et Fatum sævit in urbes.

Mox terra infelix majora piacula solvit,
Et major furit ira Dei: — Cadit hostia Princeps:
Nec sua defendit FREDERICUM plurima virtus.

Sum citharæ ignarus; — Sed ad hæc me munera cogit
Triste tui desiderium, venerabilis umbra!
Tangere si mea cura potest tellure repos'tum.

Et Vos, sacra cohors, Vates! quibus ostia pandit
Eloquii, venamque indulgit carminis Auctor,
Dicite, vos novistis enim, quanto Anglia luctu
Fleverit occiduum circum sua littora solem.
Dicite, ut in lacrymas serit Germanus, et ipsa
Gallia sincero tandem perculsa dolore.

Et Vos AUGUSTAM queribundo ostendite versu,
Si non hæc tetigisse nefas, ut mœsta Maritum
Ploret inexpletum, atque ingentibus obruta curis.
Dicite Vos fractum jam denique mente WILHELMUM;
Languentesque super miserando Fratre Sorores.
Vos madidis oculis circa lugubre feretrum
Pingite Filiolos; grandævum pingite Patrem,
Huic uni potuit qui succubuisse dolori.

Haud aliter cùm Trojanæ spes una salutis
Occubuit, lacerata togam, lacerata capillos
Andromache flevit; Trojani et Troades unà:
Laxas inde magis lacrymarum effudit habenas
Afflicti pietas Priami, Priamique Nepotum.

Johannes Glendon A.M. Coll. Emman. Soc.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

PENSIVE and sad beneath the secret shade
Of solitude reclin'd, I take the reed
With many a faint assay, to sing the loss
Of much-lamenting Britain, land of grief!
Where pining Care, Anxiety and Woe
Sit sorrowing, and with never-ceasing hand
Spread universal Sadness all around.

O for the softest skill, the sweetest Muse
That ever charm'd an ear, or from the eye
Drew the big tear, and with resistless force
Compell'd the foes of Pity to relent!
Then, O lamented FRED'RIC, wou'd I sing
Thee generous as Thou wert, benignly good,
Form'd for the social virtues, form'd to guide,
Had Heav'n so will'd, and bless a happy land.
Then while I sung in melancholy strains
Our blasted hopes; how, struck with sudden damp
And sympathy prevailing, shou'd each heart
Beat thick with sorrow, chasing from the cheek
The lively color, and the roseate bloom!

Sad flow the strains of sorrow; Ill beseem
The Verse elaborate, the flowing line
The studied grace and elegance of sound;
And FREDERIC's death the theme: yet wou'd the Muse
Thus sing His Godlike mind, His patriot care —
Vain thought, tho' laudable! beneath that task
She fails unequal. Cease then, feeble Maid;
Enough for thee with oft-repeated sighs
To mourn the general loss, to paint those griefs
That still demand the frequent-flowing Tear.

Thee, FRED'RIC, oft retiring from the world
Thy dear, thy lov'd AUGUSTA, mournful Dame,
Receiv'd with eyes of joy, with eager bliss,
With heart-felt happiness, with mutual love
And delicate endearments; round, the train
Of blooming Princes, ENGLAND's other hope,

Prefs'd

L U C T U S.

Prefs'd for Paternal blessings ; now no more,
 Shall thine AUGUSTA spring with eyes of joy,
 With eager blifs, with heart-felt happiness
 And delicate endearment, mutual love
 To meet the pious husband ; now no more
 The train of blooming Princes round shall prefs
 To greet the tender Father ; save in dreams
 When thy lov'd Form shall rife before their eyes
 Oft in unclouded majesty ferene
 And give a tranfient, momentary blifs.

Dire were the horrors of that fatal night
 When by the hand of unrelenting Death
 The pious FRED'RIC fell ; who can describe,
 Who paint — or can Imagination's felf
 With utmoft power, extenfive tho' it be,
 Form fuch a fcene of terror ? Faintly fhone
 The hopes of life, and like a dying lamp
 Shot forth a lightning gleam, deceitful blaze !
 That feem'd to promife joy ; when all at once
 With feeble strugglings and a deep-drawn figh
 — Oh cruel recollection ! wounding thought ! —
 He fell. — And did he fingly fall ? — Oh no ;
 Britain's high-tow'ring hopes, the hopes of millions
 Expiring funk, and vanifh'd into air.

When ev'ry eye was turn'd intent on him,
 And every heart was fraught with expectation,
 Then to behold the fatal dart of Death
 Fall unexpected — who with equal mind
 Cou'd bear the blow fevere ? did not each heart
 Sink all difmay'd ? cold creeping Horror thrill
 Thro' ev'ry vein ? and the big trembling Tear
 Slow-rolling fall adown the pale-dead cheek ?

OH THOU, fupreme of Things ! Parent of Good !
 Etherial fource of Beings ! at whole nod
 Omnipotent the fates of mightieft realms

R

Still

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Still rise alternate, or alternate fall,
Teach, for Thou canst, oh! teach us how to bear
The loss, and bless thy Providence Divine!
Give us with deep humility to see
This judgment for our crimes, and at thy throne
To fall repentant, and avert thy wrath
With all the pious violence of prayer.

And oh! be still propitious while we beg
Thy blessings on our Sovereign. Guard his life
Still long and happy! may the Royal Race
Grow fast beneath thy care, but chiefly GEORGE,
Prince of our hopes! Into his ductile heart
Pour all his Father's virtues, pour his love,
That generous care, that openness of soul,
That made ten thousands blest; then once again
Shall sorrow be dispell'd, each brow shall smile,
And Britons be the happiest of mankind.

Phil. Parsons of Sidney College.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

Τὶ τλάμων ἀρετὰ πῶς τὴν τῶδε καθίσδεις;
Ἄνθεα τί πλοκαμῶν πῆνα πελιδνὰ χαμαὶ;
Τί ζατῆς ὦ ξεῖνε; θεῶν δαιδαλμὶ δ' ἀπόλωλεν
Κοῖον αἶ αἶ κρύπτει δακρυόεσσα κόνις;
Τηνεὶ κεῖθ' ἱερὰ κεφαλὰ· τὴν ἔλπιδες Ἀγῶνων
Πράττει· μυσάων τᾶν χαρίταν τε φίλῳ·
Ἀλλὰ δὲ ἐμοὶ δειλαὶ ἑτέρ' ἀλγεα ἔποτ' ἐσῆται·
Καὶ γὰρ ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΝ θνάσκει ὀδυρομένη.

Radulphus Clarke A. B. Coll. Div. Johan.

LUCTUS.

SOPITAM Martis rabiem, GEORGique triumphos
 Inviçti dudum læto Pæane Thalia
 Haud canere erubuit; neque amœni culmina Pindi
 Sacra Deam tenuère, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Undè graves igitur gemitus, inamabile murmur,
 Attonitas violant aures, laqueataque planctu
 Undique tecta fremunt, et fœmineo ululatu?
 Siccinè te nobis Cœlum, FREDERICE, tuumque
 Invidet imperium? crudelia ficcinè Solem
 Fata finunt nitidum medio evanescere cursu?

Lumina pallenti jam morte natantia fenfit:
 Exundans luctu Thamefis: sensère sub antris
 Naiades, et niveos scindentes ungue lacertos,
 Virgineo puros tinxerunt sanguine fluctus.
 Ah! quoties! latus ille per æstum cespite fultus,
 Floriferis duxit curarum obliviam ripis.
 Vos glaucæ testes Divæ, cynique canori!
 Illas solantur non centum simplice fontes
 Electro ardentem, mollique sedilia musco;
 Non centum aeriis nutantia littora sylvis.

Nec minùs interea, Princeps miserande, jacenti
 Flora tibi illachrymans vernos meditatur honores;
 Languentes surgunt violæ: candore nivali
 Fragrantes decorant latè tibi lilia saltus,
 Narcissique implent largo sua pocula rore.
 Spargite grata, piæ, tumulo munuscula, Nymphæ,
 Angliacæ Nymphæ: feralem ferte cupressum:
 Carpite distinctam tristi ferrugine myrtum,
 Purpuraque exangues hyacinthina vestiart artus. —
 Non sic insolito stravit præcordia luctu
 Horrendum avulsis eructans Terra cavernis,
 Aut conjuratâ descendens Scotus ab Arcto.

Te caput heu! charum flemus FREDERICE, Britannis
 Te, Decus omne, tuis: — magnam tremefacta ruinam
 Accipiet campis glacialibus ultima Thule.
 Flebilis accipiet crudelia murmura Ganges,

Præ-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Præcipitisque imo se fluminis occulet alveo;
 Illo nulla die sitientibus oscula pratis
 Amnis sepositâ figet mœstissimus urnâ;
 Sed lucos cessans vitreis aspergere lymphis
 Thuriferos, secum questus effundet in algis.

Necdùm cærulei tractus portenta monentes
 Horrida, sanguineis lævum exarsere cometis;
 At Pax auratis illuxit candida pennis;
 At castæ hunc circum Veneres, lætique Hymenæi,
 Progeniesque Patri colludens dulcis in aulâ
 Rifit amabilitè: Britones risere, beatos
 Mirati longo surgentes ordine Reges. —
 Vere novo veluti in florem sese induit arbos
 Suavè rubens, verritque undanti vertice nubes;
 Cum confligentes armamentaria pendent
 Eurufque, Zephyrufque; aut flammis fulmina truncum
 Sulphureis afflent maturâ fronde comantem;
 Germen odoratâ vernum pallescit arenâ,
 Nec radix bibit affuetos jam languida succos.
 Haud secus ante diem tu funere mersus acerbo,
 Infelix FREDERICE, cadis. — Sed quò, mea Musa,
 Quò me mœsta rapis? Tandem en! caligine ruptâ,
 Sidereo sedet ille Deum confessus Olympo. —

Usque adeò luctum, Princeps fidissima, pascis?
 Nec veniente die, nec decedente, quietem
 Das placidam membris? quin multa recursat imago
 Conjugis, atque hærent infixæ novissima verba;
 Cum memor usquè tui vel in ipsâ morte vocavit
 Ah! miseram, longumque vale, vox frigida dixit.
 Desine jam flecti Divos sperare querendo,
 Sive piis precibus revocari posse sepultum:
 Scilicet ille, sacros flammâ lambente capillos,
 Nectareos haurit latices: cœlestia pectus
 Gaudia purpureum spirat, puroque refulget,
 Felices animas inter, succinctus honore.

E. Eliot Coll. Magd. Alumn.

L U C T U S.

AS in yon mossy grot retir'd I lay,
 While yet no eastern cloud bespoke the day,
 And busy Nature all around was still,
 All but the whisp'ring breeze, and murm'ring rill;
 To Meditation sweet the scene inclin'd,
 And wak'd new transports in my pensive mind.
 When straight a sigh the hardest heart would fear,
 Shot thro' my grot, and pierc'd my trembling ear:
 And lo! before me stood a lovely Fair,
 In look majestick, and divine in air;
 But in her downcast eye sat woe confest,
 Pale was her cheek, fast heav'd her snowy breast;
 Her golden tresses all neglected flow'd,
 And all her mien some mournful Goddess shew'd.
 "Say heav'n-born Maid, why hither art thou come
 "To leave for dusky groves thy azure dome;
 "What dread impending fate dost thou impart,
 "With swelling grief to burst each British heart?"
 Then She, as off she wip'd the gushing tear,
 "Behold, whom once you knew, sad Clio here:
 Not so, whene'er at thy request I came
 With rapt'rous fire to feed thy youthful flame;
 Not so, all bath'd in tears did Clio sing,
 Or ought from heav'n but heav'nly transports bring.
 But now alas! ye pleasing themes retire,
 Far other airs must breathe from Clio's lyre.
 For know by Phœbus' high behest I come
 To tell fair Albion's unexpected doom;
 The mournful tale thro' all her realms to spread,
 Chill the young heart, and bow the silver'd head.
 Oh! Albion's Sons your hapless lot deplore,
 The great, the much-lov'd FRED'RIC is no more.
 Nature, the fondest parent of this isle,
 Who form'd and bless'd it with her sweetest smile,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Saw with a mother's pangs Fate's wasteful hand,
* And rent with deep-fetch'd sighs the tott'ring land.
The sigh so deep, so strong the rushing blast,
As laid your isle's far noblest honours waste:
All wild it's fury with relentless sway
Tore in it's sweepy course whole woods away;
While tow'ring spires fell shatter'd to the ground;
And pale Britannia shudder'd at the wound.
Nor here alone were Nature's groans perceiv'd,
All Europe felt them, and all Europe griev'd.
Old Rhenus, when the dread decree he heard,
To comfort Ocean for his dying Lord,
Alarm'd, forsook at once his oozy bed,
And rais'd above the stream his rusky head;
Then roll'd his waves impetuous to the main,
Burst his high bounds, and delug'd all the plain.
Nor will the Muse Thee, Sequana, forget,
Unmov'd you could not hear the cruel fate.
What tho' thy floods in Gallic channels flow,
More us'd to noisy mirth, than modest woe?
What tho' thy verdant banks a lord must own
The rival of Britannia's high renown?
Thy softer breast a nobler passion fir'd,
And swell'd with sighs when Albion's hopes expir'd.
Alas! relentless Destiny forbad;
Else with what eager haste would you have fled;
Your beauteous shore, and dew-pearl'd haunts forgot,
The shelly palace, and the chrystal grot;
To mix your murr'ring waves with silver Thames,
And weep at once in sympathetic streams?
And you too gentle, venerable Cam,
Who lave the Muse's seat, so fair in fame,
Thy peaceful urn with their's essay'd to join,
And in one plaint united woes combine.

* A remarkable storm happen'd about the time of the Prince's death.

L U C T U S.

To Thames their floods obsequious all they pour,
 While silver Thames still kept his wonted shore.
 'Twas there no foaming wave with fury toss'd
 Sunk the light bark, or marr'd the lovely coast :
 Bow'd with mute grief his reed-curl'd honors low,
 His streams, each murmur hush'd, forgot to flow :
 No sporting breeze the mimic billow trac'd,
 No rising rill the playful Zephyr chac'd.

And well these honours may His Name demand,
 And higher far from this once happy land.
 Pour forth your urns, weep all your floods away ;
 Too small a tribute to His worth to pay :
 Indulge, ye Britons, now your gen'rous grief,
 Now give the tear to flow, the breast to heave ;
 The heaving breast, the flowing tear will tell,
 How Albion's Sons cou'd weep, when FRED'RIC fell.
 Now sound soft-breathing airs to mournful strains,
 Call all the valley nymphs, and wood land trains,
 Each fountain Goddess, and each sacred name
 From which the cool grots derive their fame :
 Then raise at once the elegiac lay,
 And Echo waft the pious strain away,
 High o'er the cloud-top'd hills, and far above
 Where Fate permits the curious eye to rove ;
 There shall resound immortal FRED'RIC's praise,
 And He will smile propitious on your lays.

And who more worth the Muse's sweetest song,
 Of all that glorious, that heroic throng,
 Who crowd the fairest page of blooming Fame,
 And still fresh trophies to their honour claim ?
 Is it for those, whose wills all mortals sway,
 To deal them woes, and ravish joys away ?
 Are then the Gods so much to envy giv'n,
 And dwell such passions in the Pow'rs of Heav'n ?
 Else why command with such a fatal haste
 Cold Death in teeming bloom such hope's to blast ?

But

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

But that — forgive ye Powers! nor truth difown;
The Gods of Albion's blifs were jealous grown,
And figh'd for FRED'RIC to increafe their own.

Well might ye figh, too happy Powers above;
For fure he knew to merit heav'nly love.
A foul fo great, and yet fo modeft too;
All, all but FRED'RIC his own virtues knew.
Yes, mighty GEORGE, He grac'd thy glorious name,
Sacred to high renown, and lafting fame.

Search all thy freedom-loving race to meet
One more exalted, or more truly great.
What tho' his fword ne'er led the deep array,
Beam'd on embattled ranks, and flash'd difmay?
What tho' his arm unus'd fure fate to wield,
Ne'er ftrew'd, like Thine, with foes the well-fought field?
A heart as brave His manly breaft could boaft
As or the Trojan, or the Grecian hoft,
When dauntlefs Hector spread the carnage wide,
Or dread Achilles ftemm'd the battle's tide.
But tim'rous Albion — ah! how vain her care;
Ne'er fent Him forth to roll the din of war,
Or crown with lawrels the triumphal carr.

But to each rip'ning Art t' extend His aid,
And call each finer Science from the fhade;
To know in war's juft fury to engage,
And when to rouse, and when to check its rage;
The falutary balm of peace to pour,
And waft rich commerce to the fmiling fhore;
To rule a People with an equal fway,
Jealous of rights, yet willing to obey;
Upon His Subjects' love to build His throne,
Their joys all His, and His their fair renown:
This, this, great Prince, was thy transcendent praife;
For this, my Sons, each olive trophy raife.

Oh! had the Fates but spun thy filken thread,
Till Albion's crown had grac'd thy royal head,

Then

L U C T U S.

Then might the Muse have spar'd her feeble lay,
 Nor veil'd thy glories in a weak essay.
 But since they now that happy lot deny,
 Pour the sad verse, nor stop the tearful eye.
 The pious act to distant times may shew
 The Muses taught Britannia's tears to flow:
 For oh! each Muse must weep the fatal day,
 That snatch'd their Patron, and their pride away.

Yet not for ever flows the gen'rous stream,
 Nor hides reviving joy her friendly beam.
 His course tho' short with happiest love was blest,
 And each soft transport of the social breast.
 With Virtue, Fortune to adorn Him vied,
 That gave Desert, and This the fairest Bride.
 Had then Apelles drew the Queen of Love,
 He sure had left the Goddess with her Dove;
 Here he had found a nobler image far,
 And Virtue finish'd ev'ry grace and air.
 See, the big drops upon His urn She pours;
 So looks Aurora in the softest showers.

" And is it thus, She cries, my joys are flown,
 " My ev'ry hope, my ev'ry comfort gone?
 " Were these the promises of fraudulent Fate,
 " That crown'd with ev'ry bliss our happy state?
 " Did it profusely all its blessings shed,
 " To sink at once this grief-devoted head?
 " The kindest Husband, the sincerest Friend,
 " And fondest Father, all in FRED'RIC end.
 " Ye little Mimics of His Godlike grace,
 " Well may Ye boast the semblance of his face;
 " But in Your tender minds with virtue sown
 " He drew a fairer portrait of his own."

The constant Partner of His bliss and care,
 Each joy She heighten'd, and each grief would share.
 And when the Fates pronounc'd the dire command,
 And Death shook horrible his ebon wand,

T

On

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

On Her fair breast His drooping head He lay,
And sigh'd to rest His gentle soul away.
His trembling hand Her willing arm embrac'd,
And strove, 'twas all it could, to grasp it fast;
His dying eyes with interrupted gaze,
By turns survey'd, then lost the much-lov'd face;
Pale grew the cheek th' expiring Prince ador'd,
And all the Fair seem'd dying with Her Lord.

So when stern Winter waves his iron wing,
And leaves the frozen earth to softer Spring;
While breathing sweets Pomona calls the flow'rs,
Paints the gay meads, and decks the fragrant bow'rs;
Fair Clytia, mindful of her hapless love,
Peeps forth unseen in some untrodden grove.
There when the God of Light reveals the day
To eastern hills she turns, and courts his ray,
And turning still when in the midmost sky
Sees with fond pain his winged courfers fly;
But when down western sleeps his carr they bear,
Hangs her pale head, and drops a dewy tear.

But cease, my Sons, enough to grief is giv'n,
Nor weep impatient at the will of Heav'n.
Bless'd is great FRED'RIC in those bright abodes,
Where dwell in bliss serene th' immortal Gods.
There all the Heroes ample Time can boast
Proclaim His welcome thro' the lawrel'd host;
O'er the arch'd sky their echoing shout rebounds,
And FRED'RIC's name from pole to pole resounds.
And see; great GEORGE still Albion's sceptre sways;
Sweep, sweep the sounding lyre to GEORGE's praise.
Far distant years, and happiest times shall rise,
E'er He, His labours past, shall seek the skies.
Great GEORGE's brow Britannia's crown shall grace,
Till FRED'RIC's Son can fill the Monarch's place.
And sure, if e'er Apollo could presage,
E'er read aright in Time's yet hidden page,

LUCTUS.

A Prince as glorious as e'er wore her crown
In blooming GEORGE shall happy Albion own.
Fraught with all Wisdom's precept can inspire,
Fir'd by the bright example of his Sire,
Eager for Virtue's prize He'll mount the throne,
And teach th' admiring world He's FREDRIC's Son."

So sung the Muse immortal FREDRIC's fame,
While list'ning valleys echoed back the name.
"Go sing to all, she said, the Muse's lay;"
Then spread her silver wings, and cut the liquid way.

W. Bell of Magdalen College.

*In Obitum Principis, qui Statuas Alfredi regis, et
Edvardi Principis Nigri in ædibus suis nuper
ponendas curaverat.*

O Dolor! o pietas! genti quam larga Britannæ
In Te quam subito spes, FREDERICE, perit!
Nunc subit, antiquæ pulcra exemplaria laudis,
Ut duplex ædes ornet imago tuas.
Principis hæc Nigri vivos in marmore vultus;
Hæc sacra Alfredi Saxonis ora refert.
Artifices utramque manus sculpsisse jubebas,
Quod tamen, heu tandem sensimus! omen erat.
Alfredus, scissent si parcere Fata, fuisses,
Nunc fors Edvardi Te rapit ante diem.
At simul, admoneat feros ea cura nepotes,
Principis Edvardi Te quoque fama manet.
Idem Tu quoque charus eras et amabilis Heros,
Et decus egregium, deliciæque breves.
Hoc dolor effusus populi, pietasque senatûs,
Publicus hoc totâ gente fatetur amor.
Hoc saltem nobis instar solaminis esto;
Hoc leve solamen manibus esto tuis.

Fredericus Evelyn Aulæ Clarenfis Socio-Commenfalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUOS numero Divûm fatis super astra remotos
Adscripsere novos, inclyta facta, Deos;
Virtutes horum egregias celebrare canendo,
Luctibus indulgens, publicus optat amor.
Hoc, FREDERICE, modo te lamentatur ademptum,
BRUNSVICIÆque Decus, spem, columnenque domûs.
Quæ speranda forent, propria oh si nostra fuissent!
Et mens, et pietas, cordaque fida docent.
Quod Pater est, quod magnus Avus, Proavique fuerunt,
Haud minor exemplis, ipse futurus eras,
Non delectârunt gemitus, suspiria matrum,
Conjugis aut plorans vox gemebunda virum.
Sed tanto auspiciis melioribus, inclyte Princeps!
Te natum terris, musa filere nequit:
Deque triumphantûm famosâ fronte revellet
Indignas laurus, quas tibi iusta dabit.
Excoluisse artes, studia et pulcherrima pacis,
Sit tua laus, Princeps, sit tibi semper honos.
Auspice te, quoties validis incumbere remis,
Et celerem didicit flectere nauta ratem;
Crescentem accepit famam Neptunus, et ingens
Imperium Oceani depositurus erat.
Dulcia privatæ pingat quis gaudia vitæ,
Quum te reddebant otia grata tuis?
Quot tecum exhaustit conjux suavissima blandos,
Dum circum lufit cara propago, dies!
Heu! brevis hæc rerum facies! invicta triumphat
Mors, nisi Principibus, non faturanda, viris.
O cæcas hominem mentes! fors invida rerum
Pro lubitu varias fertque refertque vices.
In nos credidimus tandem mitescere Parcas,
Atque uti in Britonas lenibus imperiis.
Scilicet indulgere Patri sua fila sorores,
Quem lento invadit prima senectâ pede:
Protexere caput Gulielmi in mille periclis
Et Patriæ Heroem restituere suæ.

Luditis

LUCTUS.

Luditis ergo Deæ! dona hæc mercede ferentes;
 Gaudia fallaci nectitis ista manu.
 Fallaces! si quæ superadditur hora parenti,
 Corripitis nato, præcoce falce, suo.
 Crudeles! si dum per aperta pericula Martis
 Fratrem sustinuit fors, FREDERICUS obit.

J. Shelley Coll. Pet.
Johan. Shelley Baronet. Filius.

IF e'er the Muse could paint excess of woe,
 Now must the darkest shade of sorrow hide
 Britannia's smile; — for FRED'RIC is no more.
 Nigh, where Thames steals along the grateful foil,
 In sable weeds, Grief's mournful liv'ry, clad,
 Britannia sat; scarce cou'd her arm uphold
 Her drooping head; oft heav'd the heart-felt sigh,
 And drop'd the frequent tear; Despair's dark veil
 Spread o'er her face a melancholy gloom:
 Around her PEACE and sister PLENTY flood,
 Part of the rural choir, with early SPRING;
 And close-lip'd SILENCE lent attention's ear;
 While PEACE thus testify'd a kind concern:
 " Whence this sad change, whence springs this flood of tears?
 " No more the trump of war, death-threat'ning sound,
 " Disturbs thy rest; no more the mother's dread
 " Attends her absent son, to Death expos'd.
 " When grim Rebellion shook her snaky locks,
 " And grasp'd at empire; Desolation join'd
 " Her troop; before pale Fear prepar'd the way;
 " Behind, was left, nought but a wild of waste,
 " And smoke of city's ras'd. The poor peasant
 " Sigh'd o'er the plain, where but of late he sang
 " In cheerful industry. I felt thy pain,
 " Drove back the monster, and restor'd the smile

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Of universal joy. Does ought remain
“ That Peace can grant, which known she can refuse?
Thus spoke the Nymph, whose ev’ry air serene
Breath’d grace diffusive; on her lip was hung
Perswasive Rhet’rick; on her brow, Concern.
Oft did Britannia strive, but all in vain,
To pay the tribute just of gratitude.
Then PLENTY will’d to cheer the grief-sick Maid,
She show’d her fruitful horn, and promis’d fair
To swell the golden Wheat; “ With Thee, she said,
“ Amid a thousand other diff’rent soils,
“ Free Choice has fix’d my seat; with Thee, the blast
“ Of Famine is unknown; the savage herd,
“ That roam the tyrants of the Lybian sand,
“ Are held as prodigies. When did the sun
“ Rage scorching o’er thy land; or absent far
“ Make thine the realm of a perpetual night?
“ When was the time, youth’s pride no more cou’d boast,
“ The finewy arm? when on the virgin’s cheek
“ Faded the roses bloom? say then, fair maid,
“ O say, why heaves so oft thy lab’ring breast.
SPRING brought a flow’ry crown to deck her brow,
The early snow-drop, and the daffodil,
The tender hyacinth with violet sweet.
For yet the rose in diffidence secure
Fear’s to expose her short-liv’d gaiety.
And silver lilies hid within their buds,
Await the courtship of the warmer sun.
The offer pleas’d the Nymph, but not the gift.
At length she rais’d her head with grief deprest,
And melting Sorrow loos’d her fetter’d tongue.
When thus she spoke: “He’s dead, alas! He’s dead!
“ No more expect, ye once so courted train,
“ To meet Britannia’s smile. Hail, Sorrow, Hail:
“ With thee, for ever be my sad abode;
“ Beneath the covert of some lonely cell,

With

L U C T U S.

" With ivy clad ; where haunts the dusky bat,
 " Where shrieks the bird of night ; and fancy paints
 " Grim horror in a thousand ghastly forms.
 " There will I joining in the doleful throng
 " With thee give tear for tear, and sigh for sigh.
 " O Death, cou'd nought the spotless Mind avail,
 " Cou'd nought the royal Consort's earnest pray'r,
 " Nor youthful innocence retard the stroke ?
 " Cou'dst Thou dry-ey'd behold the tragic scene
 " Of so much Virtue in so much Distress ?
 " He fell indeed, thy spoil, great FRED'RIC fell ;
 " The People's darling, and Britannia's Prince ;
 " Great as his Father, as his Father lov'd."
 Thus spoke Britannia ; and again she wept.
 When lo ! a Form, unseen before, approach'd,
 In vestment white, like very Sanctity ;
 At distance seem'd a frown upon her brow ;
 An iron sceptre, and a rigid law
 Seem'd in her hands ; but as she nearer came
 In majesty of gait, she fairer grew :
 More pleasing smil'd her visage ; Length of Days
 Was in her right hand ; in her left she held
 Riches and Honour ; onward such she drew
 Yclept RELIGION ; all the rural choir
 Bow'd due obeysance. She, in Counsel wise,
 Began : " Forbear, Britannia, lawless grief ;
 " Thy fate is mine ; if thou, alas, should'st fall,
 " Where could Religion find a safe retreat,
 " Which Persecution e'er wou'd cease to haunt ?
 " Still GEORGE survives, to guide the peaceful State ;
 " Still blooms the fruitful Branch, and long shall bloom
 " In Youth successive. True, great FREDERIC fell :
 " 'Twas Heaven's will, and Heaven's will be done.
 " Thy triumph, Death, is short ; He fell to rise ;
 " On Earth He lost, in Heaven He gain'd a Crown.

John Hinchliffe of Trinity College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

An Aunciente Prophecie.

— Alack for Woe,

That ought bad hadde mote blotte so faire a Sholwe!
Wyt Tyde of Tyme doth fyll royghe rolle a-way,
Nought it can choake, nor ought can it force staye;
And soze as tydeth Tyme, so sure I telle,
For much goode Peare, comethe succession ill.
Forthewithe then I vnmisterie,
What token ohte a dredefull Daye.

The Crowne of Concorde off shall droppe;
And who so strong to take it vp?
The Lyone foote the greene See—Shippes be sailde;
And redde Bloode reeke in forrain Fielde:
—The hoblewife mann'de vnmann'de must bee;
And meny mayden hearts bleede inberdely!
Then—fowle rise scarre-crowe Troope, like fowde!
And dippe the Wilbo Blade in Blobde:
This this and this Moone waxre and wane,
Fore this badde Troope gang backe againe:
Gray-Bearde, I wot, ne'ere had in Poake
A Tale to match with this in Sorte!
Felbe Zodiake Signes ronne ore—start Eye!
Re Warre ne civill Jare rede I!
—Th' old Trotte shall whine for Losse of Kee,
All bedded in the highe-grasse Lea:
Badde hadde! bvt still moost othere comme,
Earthe quaketh thrice in highe-streete Towne:
And folke shall waxren all in feare,
Debysinge little what be neare—

When

L U C T U S.

When Tyde of Tyme thus far hathe ronne,
 The folle Successione then is comme,
 And woefull doinge must be done!
 The hearte shall heave, the heade shall ake,
 And meny an Eye shall maken weepe;
 For golden Opinions adgvrze a good Manne obte,
 Who jst shall rise, bvt soone must sette:
 The dead-man's Knelle is knoll'de I ken,
 And who mote eche his Babye-Span!
 My Grave Lockes quake! my worke is done:
 The Warning Bell to thee is ronge!
 Bvt alle thinges change, and alle thinges torne!

AH me! the luckless chime
 I little counted, for I simply thought;
 Nor deem'd, that Heav'n did note
 The wrecks of Time!
 But ah! the hour is past!
 The hour, which never cease to weep
 Fair Liberty, all light of wing;
 The Muses, ever wont to sing;
 All as they pensive tread the mountain-steep!
 And could I bid all peace to thy fair Shade —
 A Greet, of stop too high for shepherd's straw,
 Whose uncouth yearnings use an humbler strain;
 I would the bold full-passion'd plain,
 Sacred to Wonder, and to Sorrow too!
 Wou'd I might sweep the antic wilde,
 'Mong holy tow'rs, by Time unpil'd;
 Whose reliques, shew'd in moon-beam light,
 Pity might teare to Sicknes quite!
 — Or view the princely heaped tomb,
 That Wonder deigns to look upon,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

The Pyramid — whence might be fought
Tall Metaphor, and gloomy Thought,
And toily Plan that Grief hath wrought!

— Or to some mountain I wou'd up,
Where torrents tumble from the top;
Now peep at sky, in fiery show;
Now see the high-voic'd waves below!
While peopled hulks are whembling by,
And store of fragments beating high,
I'd catch a new-felt sympathy!
The strain might then full well proportion'd be;
Not simply fullen shou'd it move,
But bolt, as thunder from above!
Or like the light'ning it shou'd blaze,
Full fancy fire the orb in which it plays!
The Muse shou'd then — a Mourner come;
All fable-clad shou'd flow stalk on,
In stately sad solemnity!

But well I ween,
Thy Passing dirged by the starry tribe,
All as thou mak'st full wing, to gladly gain
Yon higher seat of Fame!
What boots thee then an earthly fame beside!
Yet O! let this fair Eulogy be taught,
Which kings may blush to hear "Twas Peace he sought,
A Prince, who bold in Faith, to Fame's tribunal came;
Car'd to be good — the rest he left to Fame."

John Image B.A. of St. John's College.

LUCTUS.

MUSA, satis nugas, sat inania carmina nôsti;
 Vos faciles risus et procul este joci;
 Nil lusus dulcesque juvat renovare labores;
 Cedite. — Væ! poscunt tristia triste melos.
 Tuque, O Melpomene, lugubres præcipe cantus,
 Anglia dum subitis fluctuat ægra malis,
 Dumque pie deflet FREDERICUM mœsta juvenus,
 Addas indignum me quoque, Diva, choro. —
 Eheu! quis fauces avidi vitare sepulchri
 Cogitat, et vigiles fallere posse Deos?
 Sæpius eludit vanas spes lubrica mentes,
 Dum tacito properat mors inopina gradu;
 Te quoque defletum rapuit, cùm nil tua virtus,
 Nil pietas, nostræ nil valere preces. —
 Te dudum in patriâ viridantem vidimus umbrâ
 Vere novo, gemmas dum levis imber alit;
 Vidimus æstivo paulatim albescere flore,
 Ut teneras revocat mitior aura comas;
 Vidimus autumnô graciles extendere ramos,
 Cùm primùm fructus subrubuere novi;
 Nec jam maturi, — cùm spes et vota fefellit,
 Cùm malè præripuit cuncta nivalis hyems.
 Te simul exesâ sub rupe, Britannia, flentem
 Aspexi, et sævâ pectora pulsa manu;
 Dumque recensebas venturos anxia luctus;
 Lassum sustinuit sculptilis umbo caput.
 Ast ego — “Diva potens, quæ causa infanda cadentes
 “Invitat lacrymas has, gemitusque movet?
 “Amplius haud dubiis sævit Mars impius armis,
 “Pax redit, et flavâ messe beata Ceres;
 “Pax redit, — optatæ veniunt felicius horæ,
 “Et positam repetit tutus Apollo lyram. —
 Illa nihil — rursus gemitum quîn ducit ab imo
 Pectore, et affigit lumina muta solo;
 Rursus et ex oculis lacrymarum defluit imber,
 Et vaga neglectas accipit aura comas. —

Heu!

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Heu ! tandem infelix sensi quæ causa doloris,
Nunc scio tabentes cur maduere genæ ;
Haud longum occultæ latuerunt femina mortis,
Nascentisve lues infidiosa febris. —
Ah ! quis pallentem sicco te lumine vidit,
Et furdæ prædam te, FREDERICE, necis ;
Quando ullum inveniet similem Prudentia, sanctus
Et Pudor, et castâ candida veste Fides.
O Dignus ! (Superi si quâ bonitate moventur,
Si fato pietas addidit ulla moram)
Dignus ! repletis iterum juvenescere venis,
Æsoniosque annos posse videre senex.
Te quanta interea cruciat, fidissima conjux,
Mœstitia, haud ullo dissolüenda die ;
Sedula detinuit vitam tua cura fugacem,
Dum sponsi incumbis flebilis, ægra, toro ;
Te videt, extremas vitæ cum duceret horas,
Te tenuit moriens deficiente manu.
Tuque O ! illustris proles præclara Parentis,
Præsidium patriæ spesque futura tuæ ;
Perge O ! quâ virtus ducit te vivida, et ultro
Æmulus exemplum grande sequaris Avi.
Fortunate Puer ! tibi si fata invida parcant,
Abstineatque avidas mors violenta manus,
Felicem aspiciet felix mox Anglia, magnis
Teque Atavis, GEORGI, sentiet esse parem —

H. Waterland Coll. Magd. Alumn.

THE paths of Providence what eye can scan,
Or who unfold the ways of God to Man ?
Yet still tho' mists exclude our eager sight,
And what we judge most wrong is oft'nest right.
Still must we mourn that hour, which sinks the Great,
And deprecate th' arresting hand of Fate.

L U C T U S.

O Thou, whose flight no longer earth restrains,
 Who joyful soarest o'er etherial plains;
 Whose eyes enlighten'd those blest'd scenes survey,
 Where blaze the glories of eternal day.
 Where souls harmonious shall thy Name adore,
 And earthly grandeur can molest no more;
 From those bright climes O lend a gracious ear,
 Accept the mournful tribute of a tear.

See! Britain's Genius drooping hangs her head,
 Her spear inverted, and her laurels dead.
 Her sapp'd foundations nod beneath their load,
 And fears of future ill her hopes corrode.
 E'en distant Countries imitate her woe,
 The bleak Atlantick shudders at the blow;
 From east to west the fatal rumour speeds,
 And either India's swarthy Region bleeds.

Yet let not France new hopes of empire form,
 Sea-girted Albion fears no foreign storm.
 In vain their oaks forsake their native woods,
 And tow'ring pines exult upon the floods:
 Their arms and heroes vainly they prepare,
 In vain they menace all the pomp of war:
 A present Sovereign guards our mournful State,
 Firm in itself, unconquerably great.
 Secure of hostile rage, her rocky shore
 England preserves, tho' FREDERIC is no more.

O could my Muse in Pope's correctness flow,
 Or with the warmth of Dryden's fancy glow;
 Then would I, Prince, thy character rehearse,
 In sounding numbers, and in sacred verse:
 But tho' my verse shall soon dissolve away;
 Thy fame shall live a stranger to decay.
 The Universe itself shall own Thee great,
 And future Ages shall lament thy fate.

Christopher Hervey Fellow-Commoner of Clare-Hall.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

TE quoque surreptum Mors illacrymabilis urget,
Spes et deliciae Britonum, FREDERICE; nec ullo
Intempestivos prædixerat omine luctus.
Si tantos saltem posset sperasse dolores,
Funereis dudum exorasset mille piac'lis;
Mille piis precibus lacrymisque Britannia Ditis
Immanes iras; si posset dura morari
Parcarum imperia, et properati vulnera morbi.

Quid si immaturis cecidisti flebilis annis?
At plenus laudum, et virtute ornatus adultæ,
Integra digna Deo cecidisti victima: opimo,
Cum morimur tales, par est Mors ipsa triumpho.
Necdum omnis moriere, Tui pars magna superstes;
Donec erit conjux, donec benè nota parentum
Regalem ornabit Pietas, et Gratia Prolem.
Fors et mœsta suos solata Britannia casus
Paulatim minuet (tantorum oblita dolorum)
Triste Tui desiderium; spirabis adulti
Quando iterum pulchrâ redivivus imagine Nati;
Quando Ille egregii generis sacer æmulus Hæres,
Virtutisque tuæ cultor (melioribus opto
Auspiciis, et quæ fuerint minus obvia Fato)
Cunctorum explebit vota, et sine labe paternos
Mox referet mores, et avitæ exempla senectæ.

Tuque adeo immodico, Pater et Rex optime, luctu
Parcas indulgere: tuas miserabilis inter
Tabescit curas Patria, indignumque sedebit
Æterno, doleat si GEORGIUS, obruta fletu:
Vix Illa avulsi crudelia funera Nati
Sustinuit, lacrymasque nequit perferre Parentis.
Carus obit FREDERICUS, at illi ne tamen omnis
Jam cedat Pietas; Pietas et debita nobis:
Nos tua progenies; Britonum nam quicquid ubique est,
Te Patrem agnoscit, patrium Te poscit amorem.
Ecce pio quoties lacrymarum fonte rigamus
Sanctos FRED'RICI cineres, magnosque fideli

Pro-

L U C T U S.

Prosequimur questu manes, subit altera cura
Solicitans animos: votisque laceffimus astra;
Ut quantum vitæ spatium nimis improba Fata
Tam caro capiti abstulerint, Fortuna rependat
Mitior, et GEORGÎ felicibus afferat annis.

Car. Berkley Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ON that sad day what tears Britannia shed,
How pour'd her anguish o'er the mighty Dead!
Thames, on thy shore the widow'd Mourner stood,
And sigh'd her sorrows to the restless flood,
Accus'd the Gods, appeal'd to every shade,
And tore the wreathed laurel from her head.

“Ye Meads enamel'd, and ye waving Woods,
“With dismal yews, and solemn cypress mourn;
“Ye rising Mountains, and ensilver'd Floods,
“Repeat my sighs, and weep upon his urn.

“Oft in your haunts the young Marcellus stray'd,
“There oft in thought your future glories plan'd,
“Bade sacred Science lift her lawrel'd head,
“And Peace extend her olive o'er the land. —

“Enrich'd with all of Fair, and Great, and Good,
“That guides the Monarch, or adorns the Man,
“Albion in Him a future Father view'd,
“Strong o'er the world, as o'er Himself to reign:

“Ill-fated Youth! no Albion thou shalt see,
“No World hast thou to rule, no Crown to come,
“Nor Monarch, nor the Man remain to Thee,
“Thy Robe a Shrowd, and all thy Court a Tomb! —

“On yon fair eminence the Cedar stood,
“O'er distant lands he stretch'd the shade immense,
“First of the fields and king of all the wood,
“The sun's defiance, and the flocks defence:

“Nurs'd

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Nurs’d in his shade the infant Scyons grow,
“ Unknown to storms their healthy blossoms spread,
“ Drink soft’ring juices from the parent-bough,
“ And promise like protection to the mead.
“ Sudden the Storm — the red-wing’d thunders roar,
“ The cedar-forest felt the forceful wound ;
“ Shock’d from his root, the heaving rocks up-tore,
“ And rush’d in cumb’rous ruin on the ground.
“ Thus fading fell the bloom of Albion’s throne,
“ Sudden, unwarn’d, — Heav’n sent no friendly call,
“ Youth bade Him live, and Virtue reach’d a crown,
“ While Fate relentless meditates his fall.
“ We saw his Comfort stay the drooping head ; —
“ He clasp’d his Babes, his Country’s anguish wept ;
“ Then sunk serene upon the languid bed,
“ Death drew the curtain, and the Hero slept. —
“ At shining marks is swifter vengeance thrown,
“ Does Death in Avarice seize the richest spoil,
“ Do Clouds rejoice to veil the mid-day Sun,
“ And Fortune smite us, when she seems to smile ? —
“ Our bliss unblossom’d, all our glories fled,
“ Our wither’d beauty’s languid, pale, and wan ;
“ Ye Gods ! how slender and how weak a thread,
“ Sustains our blessings, if they hang on Man !
“ Oft at the fall of Kings, th’ astonish’d eye
“ Views fancy’d tumults in the mid-night gleams,
“ Sees glittering crests, and darting lances fly,
“ Till one thick cloud absorbs the sportive beams :
“ Such shades are Life ! Ambition waves her plume,
“ And Fortune’s tinsel glitters o’er the mead,
“ Till Fate o’erspreads th’ impenetrable gloom,
“ And suns and stars submit before the shade.”

Thus the sad Mourner bad her sorrows flow,
Indulg’d her pains, and told His worth in woe :
While list’ning furies learnt the moving song,
Hung on the lay, and ling’ring mourn’d along,

LUCTUS.

Impassion'd ecchoes swell'd the plaintive cry,
And whisp'ring winds prolong'd the tender sigh.
When from his silver throne the waves among,
In soft concern the watry Monarch sprung;
His brows begirt with Iris' circling ray,
That calms the tempest and revives the day:
"Forbear to mourn" (He wav'd the scepter'd hand,
Silent the winds, the waves subsiding stand,)
"Your Prince still lives, Immortals never die,
"On Angel-plumes He mounts in yonder sky;
"What tho' illustrious in the courts of Jove,
"He wears, perhaps a brighter crown above;
"He still on Albion's realms may deign to smile,
"And shed the sunshine on her blissful isle,
"With hand unseen some hidden thread direct,
"Still point the haven, and the helm protect.
"If dies the day upon the weeping lawn,
"Lustres as fair revive the rising dawn;
"If Summer yields to chill Arcturus' blast,
"Her groves dishonour'd, and her furrows waste,
"Spring's genial wing returning broods the plain,
"Fields wave with gold, and meadows laugh again;
"If rushing storms the lawless surges swell,
"And gulphy eddies toss the fearful keel,
"Again serene the freighted billows glide,
"And barks triumphant stem th' applauding tide;
"Again rich India spreads her filken sails,
"And seeks my harbours born by spicy gales,
"Rejoicing Nations crowd the banks of Thame,
"And GEORGE and Peace diffuse th' indulgent beam."

Erasmus Darwin of St. John's College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

قال
الكرز القسطنطيني
ابن البوطي

الم كوكب الحدث اطلعت بعينه
الي مسلك السماء دلت انكساره *
ولا بتقويم الفلكي * لا ينور به *
له الشامس القوت في القر * منزلة
عند العطش * والحب المختار الادب له *
هناها عارب يرجع سرح الخلابه
يلطم عليه ابن الجرح ويهدده *
ولو فركي بين الدين المقبرة
اني غابط كنت لجة القبور به *

Ric. Forester A. M. Aul. Pemb. Soc.

O Quæ sparsa pils irrorans fletibus ora,
Albion, ad tumulum (quo molliter omne quiescit,
Quod fato mortale dedit FREDERICUS acerbo)
Mærentes agis excubias; quanquam omnis inhærens
Ingemis, et caras fufis amplecteris ulnis
Reliquias superincumbens; sine, Musa verendos
Accedat cineres; Cæ, sine, grata querelæ
Triste ministerium peragat, plangentiaque augens
Agmina, deflendam lacrymis tecum irriget urnam.
Non hic tabenti nuper tibi pallor in ore,
Non sic languebant tibi lumina, dum FREDERICI
Aurea prospiciens numerabas sæcula, longè
Sæcula purpureis Parcæ labentia fufis.
Nequicquam! tibi dum BRUNSVICI digna Nepote
Omnia spondebas, Tuus ille adolevit in atram
Nempe necem, et sævo tantùm maturuit orco.

Per-

LUCTUS.

Persephone immitis! quæ raptim à vertice crinem
Abstuleris nondum cano: non ille senectæ
Duxit adhuc sanctamvè notam, aut diadematis ingens:
Sensit adhuc pondus; fronti quod voverat isti
Spes Britonum, et studio dudum sacrarat inani.
Atqui eadem, quæ corda viro, quæ gratia morum,
Vidisti, quæ casta fides, innubilus ævi
Qui notus sine labe tenor — nec ferrea tali,
Diva, pepercisti capiti? nec deinde Britannum
Fundendi gemitus, singultandique dolores
Plangentis patriæ, et miseræ suspiria gentis
Lenibant immanem animum; quin ipse, supremo
Triste relicturus patriæ sub pectore vulnus
Digressu, vitam ante diem exhalaret opimam?

At nondum exhalata tibi jam vita; superstes
In diâ jam vivis adhuc, FREDERICE, juventâ
Eximiæ sobolis; cui parva in pectora spectat
Transfundi patrias lætata Britannia dotes.
Illa tuâ accensam pulcrâ de lampade lucem
Suspiciens, quanquam tremulâ stant lumina guttâ,
Sensim pœne suos capit dediscere fletus;
Ac tenuem lamenta minùs, minùs æthera pulsant.

Sed neque perpetui nòrint arefcere fletus,
Nec fileant lamenta; tuæ et miserabilis urnæ
Hæreat, æternamque supèr gemeunda querelam
Ducat inexpleto confecta Britannia luctu;
Ni Patriæ et Tuus ille Pater (quo sospite demens
Pœne nefas dolor omnis) adhuc genialibus ævum
Occiduum illustrans radiis, affulgeat illinc
GEORGIUS; hinc alter, ceu curru exortus Eöo
Lucifer, ora modis attollens splendida miris,
Felices ducat per nubila mæsta diei
Primitias nascentis, et almæ pignora lucis.

J. Foster Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

RECLIN'D beneath a willow's lonely shade,
AUGUSTA mourn'd her royal Confort dead.

The setting sun had ting'd the western floods,
The warb'ling songsters ceas'd to glad the woods;
Nor ev'n sweet Philomel, from spray to spray,
To her responsive pour'd the pensive lay;
Nor sparkling stars shot forth a trembling light,
Nor blushing Cynthia chear'd the gloom of night.
Her wretched comfort was t' indulge her woes,
The last sad refuge that misfortune knows!
Whilst at her feet a murm'ring eddy glides,
Her frequent tears increase the wat'ry tides;
Th' ecchoing rocks to her complaints reply,
And winds condoling render sigh for sigh.
With sorrow-shining eyes, all pale and wan,
She thus her grief-inspired song began!

" From morn till eve, from eve till rising morn,
" All sadly-sighing, pensive, and forlorn,
" No hopes by day I find, by night no rest.
" What means this tempest in my throbbing breast?
" Strange force of Love by which my bosom's tost,
" Each other care in those soft tumult's lost!
" Ah! luckless Fate, for ever will I moan,
" The dear Companion of my life is gone!
" Each joy was heighten'd, and each baleful grief
" With Him divided brought its own relief.
" How shall I now sustain his timeless fate,
" Or where the fulness of my woes relate?
" To whom reveal the secrets of my heart,
" Discharge my sorrows, or my joys impart?
" Cou'd not, alas! his matchless Virtues save,
" Or Piety recal Him from the grave?
" Must He no more cast back one longing view,
" Or fondly bless me with a last adieu?
" Adieu! dear Partner of my joys! my fame,
" And joys, and pleasures now have lost their name.

" With

LUCTUS.

“ With plaintive sighs around thy sacred urn,
“ Each patriot breast thy Albion’s loss bemoan;
“ A Nation’s tears bedew thy dreary shrine,
“ A Nation’s sorrows are excell’d by mine.
“ Those scenes where oft with Him I did resort,
“ The grove thick-bow’ring, or the splendid court,
“ Are now bereft of ev’ry pleasing Grace,
“ And fullen Sorrow lowers in ev’ry face.
“ How grateful once were Cliefden’s noon-day shades,
“ Its ev’ning breezes, and its op’ning glades;
“ There we unmindful of the time have stray’d,
“ Whilst by our side our blooming Offspring play’d!
“ How brisk the looks of ev’ry blithsom swain,
“ When Love and FRED’RIC rul’d the happy plain!
“ How sweet the flow’rs that deck’d the smiling mead,
“ Where Spring fresh-op’ning all its fragrance shed!
“ His much-lov’d form these rural scenes restore,
“ The flow’ry meadows now delight no more;
“ No more with joy I view the blithsom swain,
“ And wood-girt Cliefden seems a desert plain!
“ Whilst weeping round his hapless Orphans mourn,
“ And wond’ring ask me for their Sire’s return;
“ The winning mildness and majestick grace,
“ Their Father’s likeness living in each face,
“ With doubled griefs oppress my weary’d breast,
“ The sad remembrance that I once was blest!
“ Who now shall guard their Innocence and Youth,
“ Their spotless Honour, and untainted Truth;
“ In Virtue’s paths their gen’rous souls direct,
“ To glory form them, and from harm protect?
“ Sometimes, my senses by soft sleep possess’d,
“ A pleasing vision sooths my troubled breast,
“ His lov’d idea to these longing eyes
“ My fancy gives, tho’ cruel Fate denies;
“ I strive to stay Him, clasp the vacant place,
“ The dear delusion flies my fond embrace,

A a

The

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

" The kind deceitful dream my limbs foregoes,
" From fancy'd bliss I wake to real woes!
" Perhaps e'en now from yon' celestial plains,
" Where Peace and Harmony for ever reigns,
" He views my griefs with sympathizing love,
" If any care can reach the realms above.
" Oh! not unmindful of thy plighted vow,
" Be Thou my Genius, and my guide be Thou;
" Let sad AUGUSTA claim thy guardian care,
" Avert those evils Thou wast wont to share;
" Thro' Life's perplexing maze direct my heart,
" Till bliss shall join us — never more to part!

J. G. King of Gonvil & Caius College.

AT non hæc nobis dederat promissa Juventus;
Non hæc Virtutes, O FREDERICE, tuæ;
Ut præmaturâ properans ad funera morte,
Turbares luctu gaudia nostra novo.
Mœsta, diu longo jactata Britannia bello,
Vifa fuit vento prosperiore frui;
Vifa sub auspiciis tandem requiescere GEORGÎ;
Spes erat et faustas jam rediisse vices:
Omnia nunc iterum fato miscentur, et omnes
Angligenas bello sævior hostis agit,
Proximus a folio pestem locus accipit, et qui
Tutus ab hoc tanto debuit esse malo.
Te jam terra tegit: Galli, gaudete, sepulti,
Quosque superfuso gurgite pontus habet.
Nos numeris, FREDERICE, tuum venerabile nomen
(Quod superest) lacrymis prosequimurque piis.
At tua dum superest (unâ quod voce precamur
Angligenæ) felix et diuturna domus,
Partem aliquam immensi fas est posuisse doloris,
Nec penitus nostris succubuisse malis.

Nomine

LUCTUS.

Nomine avum referens, referat virtutibus, opto,
Regali peperit quem tua sponſa Toro :
Sit bonus, O! felixque ſuis; apponat et Illi,
Abſtulerit triſtis quos tibi Parca, dies

Gulielmus Ghaſin Coll. Emman. Alumn.

CESSARUNT nuper furialis fulmina Martis
Sanguineis ſædata notis, bellicque reſedit
Impetus, et toto emicuit Pax aurea mundo.
Jamque ſerena dies, amotis nubibus, ibat
Lætior, et ſoles meliori luce nitebant.
Hæc inter dum cuncta vident, et gaudia curas
Sollicitas pellunt, brevis hæc fragiliſque voluptas!
Fama loquax ſubito noſtras pervenit ad aures
Heu miſeranda ferens! magno percuſſa dolore
Anglia tota gemit FREDERICUM morte peremptum.

Quis tantum cantu lugubri pingere caſum,
Quiſve tuos poterit, triſtis Britannia, luctus
Dicere? — Sed liceat ſaltem tua funera, Princeps,
Lugere, et meritos cineri perſolvere honores.

Huic tribuit, quicquid potuit Natura, benignam
Ingenii venam, et ſacundæ mentis acumen.
Moribus eminuit puris, pietatis amator,
Fervidus Aſtrææ coluit ſanctiſſima jura.
Præclaræ virtutis honos, animuſque benignus
Sinceros Britonum ſibi conciliavit amores.
Muſarum patronus erat, doctæque Minervæ
Cultor, et ingenuas novit, provexit et artes.
Nec minus illuſtris thalamis felicibus uti
Conſpicitur; nam cum crescenti prole, parentis
Crevit amor. Quoties illum Clifdonia rupes
Excepit vacuum, quoties circum oſcula natos
Pendentes vidit! teneris ubi finxit ab annis

In-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Incoctos animos, bibulasque immisit in aures
Sacra rudimenta et regnandi leniter artes:
Qua fretus virtute et in otia tuta recessit,
Privatæque egit jucunda silentia vitæ.

Quid non sperabant Britones, cum illuxerit ore
Majestas et amor, constansque infederit ima
Mente fides? Solio Princeps O digne paterno?
Te tamen abripuit subiti inclementia morbi.
Qui posthac tua facta legent, monumenta virorum
Fida revolventes veterum, sua pectora palmis
Contudent miseri, et suspiria plurima ducent:
Te Musæ incassum, Te mænia docta vocabunt
Dulce decus nostrum, Grantæ irreparabile damnum.

Flebilis ille quidem multis, sed quam tibi, conjux,
Flebilior cecidit nulli: testantur inanis
Et pietas, et cura vigil, lacrymæque decoræ.
Quid gemitus valet, assiduis cur mœsta cubile
Imbribus humectas, crudelem corde dolorem
Intus alens, dulci neque condis lumina somno?
Define lugendi: jamjam petit arduus astra,
Nec fecere moram mortalia regna, perenne
Ut sceptrum teneat, proprioque fruatur Olympo.

Una salus miseris succurrit, GEORGIUS astat
Illustris Juvenis, meritis qui fata rependet,
Qui vires animi reficit mœrore solutas.
Diique Deæque omnes vota exaudite precantis;
Este O! custodes vitæ atque avertite ab illo
Tale, precor, fatum, et patre demptos addite nato
Annos; imperium ut posthac exerceat æquum,
Moribus emendet patriam, et virtutibus ornet.
Hunc Pater, hunc Avus, hunc et Avunculus excitet; atque
Sub Jovis auspiciis imberbis regnet Apollo.

Gul. Gill Aul. Cath. Alumn.

ACADEMIA
LUCTUS.

I.

WHILE some in artful Elegy deplore
“Britannia’s loss, and FRED’RIC now no more,”
My grief o’erflows the common bounds of woe,
No usual borne my verse or sorrows know.

Now, now, O King of Terrors mayst thou triumph!
Now mayst thou boast thy deadly-certain aim;
For since th’ Almighty gave thee to destroy
The Human Race, and blast our ev’ry joy,
When ever fell of Men a nobler Name?

II.

A nobler Name — for shall the Savage Race,
Of conqu’ring Madmen, by ambition hurl’d,
Whose glory’s Desolation, and the Blaze
Of fallen Empires, and a ruin’d World —
Shall these meet praise? Shall impious altars burn,
Cemented by the blood of millions slain?
And shall the Muse deny a pious tear,
Deny a deathless monument to rear,
O’er FREDERIC’s urn,
That sweetest, kindest, goodliest of Men? —

III.

Witness Britannia’s fights, her throbbing breast!
O! let our eyes in speaking silence tell,
How much belov’d He liv’d,
How much deplor’d He fell!
Come then, each social Virtue, come
And weep around the Royal Tomb;
For Him prepare your choicest crown,
For FREDERIC was all your own.

IV.

Behold! Paternal Tenderness advance!
His face o’erspread with heart-felt woe,
When he spies the sacred bier,
See! how, tears unbidden flow!

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B b

Next,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Next, Conjugal Affection view,
With springing beauties ever new;
On the much lamented grave
Lo! how fixt his longing eye,
As tho' his Favorite he'd save
From the arrest of Destiny.

V.

See! the thronging Virtues moan,
With wishful hands uplift to Heav'n,
Their loveliest Pupil ever shewn —
Shewn to mankind, alas! not giv'n.

VI.

All hail to Thee! much honour'd Royal Shade!
Accept this tribute to thy Merit paid.
O! for a voice to make that Merit known,
Far as Britannia's awful thunders roll:
Then shou'd Thy Moral Influence, like the Sun,
Inform the ravish'd world from pole to pole.

VII.

But tho' each forrowing Muse were dumb,
Tho' Grief had silenc'd ev'ry lay,
Yet wou'd Thy Virtues from the tomb
Triumphant, in a flood of day
Blaze in thy Offspring — grateful Pledges giv'n,
That Britain's still the darling care of Heav'n.
Sparks still survive of that ethereal Fire,
Which ever warm'd thy Patriot-breast;
GEORGE, proud to emulate his Sire,
Shall bless Mankind, and by Mankind be blest.

J. Parkhurst B.A. of Clare-Hall,

LUCTUS.

QUO fugis ah! solvens naturæ debita, nondum,
 Quod patriæ debes, cum solveris! adde prementi
 Adde moram fato; nec adhuc cœlestia prentes,
 Ante tuam implerint quam sceptrâ Britannica dextram.
 En misera ut trepido suspendens vota labello
 Te prece, Te lacrymis vocat Albion! at tua longè,
 Lamentis immota neque hac tangenda querelâ,
 Hinc anima, O FREDERICE, fugam rapit: et pia frustra
 Musa tuos tenui sequitur clamore volatus;
 Singultus quanquam patriæ, gemitusque Britannum
 Sat Famæ lituum complent tibi; nec tibi quidquam
 Plus mœstæ poterit melos exequiale Camœnæ.

Nec verò, FREDERICE, tuo ingemuisse feretro,
 Scilicet et sacram busto properasse corollam,
 Hoc curæ sat Musa suæ putat: illa fideli
 Juncta satellitio, non unquam absistit amico
 Mœsta comes lateri; sed et irremeabile tecum
 Carpit iter, mortisque antro succedit opaco.
 Illic res Stygias, Infernorumque recessus
 Dum stupet, et vigili circum omnia lustrat oculo,
 Cernit ibi, ut passu tua dum, FREDERICE, sereno
 Radit iter liquidum per campos umbra nitentes,
 Et sese attonitis venerandam manibus infert)
 Exangui de plebe aliquis sic pandat hianti
 Fata tua exponens turbæ, luctusque tuorum.

“ Hic vir, hic est, cujus laudes jam sæpius antè
 “ Audistis, quoties aliquis de gente Britannum
 “ Attigit hos a morte recens, novus incola, campos.
 “ Hic patriæ, hic Britonum modò spes maturuit, alter
 “ Hic succrevit amor: sed enim, pellacia semper,
 “ Præficiunt Cambris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
 “ Esse finunt quanquam solium gravioraque sceptrâ
 “ Promisere diù, latèque patentia regna
 “ Aurea, quot porrecta jacent à Dubridis actâ
 “ Extremam ad Thulen, fractis quâ fluctibus albent
 “ Orcades, et duræ glaciale aspergine cautes.

“ Ne-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Nequicquam! venit medio vi morbus, et artus
“ Depascens validos letali incanduit æstu.
“ Sic adeo abreptas rerum linquebat habenas
“ Lenta cadens, laxo pendens moribunda lacerto,
“ Illa manus, sibi quam populorum terna potentem
“ Sperabant dominam fræna, et doluere negatâ.
“ Ecce caput, diæ lambunt cui tempora flammæ,
“ Cui super en! nutans pendet diadema, cadentique
“ Imminet affimile, at nunquam confidere fatis
“ Concessum! — O sacri, vos talia pondera, crines,
“ Nulla prement, at vos lucenti majestate
“ Ambit honos, radiisque ardens inspergit acutis
“ Stelliferam cingens Virtus purissima frontem.
“ Felix, illa, Brito, tibi si diuturna! sed obstat
“ Fati ferrea lex, et inexorabilis hora.

Talia per Ditis lucos, et amœna piorum
Concilia. Intereâ superas qui plangor ad auras,
Dum circùm, FREDERICE, tui, pia turba, Britanni
Lugent, et caro cineri suprema parentant,
Spargentes gelidam lacrymâ manante favillam!
Sed tamen et sobolem, dulcemque Britannia partem
Nunc etiam restare tui videt: inde neque ipsa,
Quamquam multa gemens et magno pallida luctu,
Te misera omninò capta, aut deserta videtur.
Inde ubi jam Cæsar (cui, quos tibi dempserit annos,
Apponat Lachesis, Britonum miserata labores)
Cefsârit faustas terris impendere Curas,
Astra petens, aliâque manu transmittet habenda
Fræna Britannorum, tanto spoliata magistro
Non puppis fluitans dubiis errabit in undis;
Alter erit, ratis in tumido cui pareat æstu.

R. Wilmot Coll. Regin. Alumnus.

LUCTUS.

ΚΛΙΩ ΚΑΙ ΜΕΛΠΟΜΕΝΗ.

ΚΛ. **Τ**ὴν πῆλιν ὑπο πῆδε καθεζομένη σοναχίζεις,
Μελπόμεν; πὶ δὲ θυμόν ἐμάρψατο πένθεα λυγρὰ;
Ἦ πῖν' οἰκείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ἢ σὺ γ' ἐράσων;
Πῆ τὶ νῦν κίθαρή τε, καὶ αὐλὸν καλὸν αἰδῶν,
Ἦ τε λυγρὴ, τῇ πᾶσι μετάπρεπες Οὐρανίδῃσι;

ΜΕΛΠ. — Οὐ μοὶ ταῦτα μέλει, ὥς νῦν ἔμε κήδ' ἱκάνεν.
Δεινотάτον, ξυγὼν μὲν ἄχ' οὐ, ξυγὰ τε μέμνηται.
Κεῖ' ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΣ πεφιλημένος ἐξοχα Φοῖβω.
Οἶον δ' ἀνδρῶν παρ' ἥιονας Ἀγανίπτης
Δένδρεα πλεθρόντα φέρει πολυδάθεας ὄζεις
Φύλλοις δυχλοεργῆς βεβελότας, ἔξαπίνης δὲ
Καρπαλίμως ὄρμησε μέγας Ζεὺς αἰολοβρόντης,
Καὶ τότε δὴ ἐτέρωσε κἀκεν βάλλουσιν ἄωτα,
Τοῖον ἄρα ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΝ ἔπεφνεν μοῖρα κράταιη.
Ἀλλὰ, σὺ γὰρ δύσηνα Βρεττανίδ' ἄλγεα γαίης
Ἔιδες, ὅταν Ἐδοάρεδ' ἀπώλυστο Φαίδιμ' ἦ.
Νῦν ἄγε, ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΤ' κελαδεῖν κλέα τεθνεώτ'.

ΚΛ. Ἦ μὲν μοὶ κιθάρισμ' ἔπιτρέπ' καὶ αἰοῖν.
Ἔμνησω ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΝ, ἐπισάμνρα κλέα εἶπειν,
Ἐπὶ γὰρ εὐμνος· τί δὲ κάλλιον ἀνδρὶ κεν εἴη,
Ἦ τῶν Πιερίδων μολπῇ ἐπὶ πῆρ' ἄρεας;
Ἄυτ' μὲν διάπνυτο ἔφρασσατο πάντα τέλεια.
Γηθοσιγῇ δ' Ἀρετὴ ἀναδέδρομε· πᾶσι δ' ἔβαλλεν
Ὀφθαλμόν τριφίλητον ἐπὶ πῆρ' οἴτε πῶς σφέας,
Οἱ τε πῶς ξείνης ἀγαθὰς κείνουσι θεμιστὰς.
Αὐτὸν τεχνί' φίλον ἀνέρες, αὐτὸν αἰοῖν.
Κλαίετε νῦν Μῆσαι, Νύμφων χόρ' οὐρανιάνων,
Ἀκροτάτ' Ἑλικῶν ὄρες μέγα ναιεταοῦσαι.
Κλαίετε καὶ Νύμφαι, πολιοῦ γένος Ωκεανοῖο,
Ἔμμετ' οὐ ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΣ ἀπώλυστο· τὸν δὲ Ποσειδῶν
Τίμησεν, κρατεράϊς ὄφελος μέγα ναυηλίσσι.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΜΕΛΠ. — Λήγ' ὀλοφρερόμην, θρηνοῖο μὲν ἐπὶ καὶ ἄσαι.
 Λαοῖς δ' Ἀγλῖακοῖσι μινυθαδιώτερον ἄλγος
 ἔσσει, ἢν μὴ καὶ σὺ θάνης, κύδιζε ΓΕΩΡΓΕΙ.
 Χαῖρ' ὦ νᾶξ, χαῖρ' αὖτις Διοτρεφές· αἱ δ' ἐσὲ μοῖραι
 Γεινόμενον τὸ πρῶτον ἐπέκλησάν σε ἀρῆγειν
 Ἡμετέρας σοναχαῖς τε καὶ ἄλγεσι· Σοὶ δ' ἐβρετάννοι
 Πάντες γουναζόν· ἀνάγκαια μὲν ἔπον·
 Δεσπολικῆς ὑπὸ χείρος ἀπίστων ἔθνεα Γάλλων,
 Ἀγλῖάδαι δ' ἐθέλοντι τεαῖς περὶ σὺν ἐφέτμας.

Johan. Cam Coll. Div. Johan. Alumn.

ENTHRON'D imperial on her gilded carr
 Britannia glitt'ring fat, whose lawrel wreaths
 Incirc'ling, wanton'd on her stately brow
 With never-fading green : the sacred nine,
 Soaring o'er peaceful climes with boundless wing,
 Her tuneful lyre uprear'd ; and songs of Peace
 Trill'd from her melting voice in striking notes,
 And danc'd luxuriant on the trembling string.
 The grateful scene of BRUNSWICK's regal train
 Her thoughts employ'd, which Nature's ductile hand
 Has oft of late with rising grace adorn'd,
 And fill'd the leaf ; on whose extensive page
 Her gladsome isle might read successive bliss,
 Dawn'd from their infant hands with bright'ning ray.
 With cheerful looks she kiss'd the boons of Fate,
 And hymn'd her gratitude in echo'ing lays :
 When inauspicious Fame impetuous flew,
 Sounding with hoarse alarm the direful news
 Of FRED'RIC's death : the fatal blast o'erspread
 Th' afflicted Earth, and wing'd from hill to hill,
 Lamenting Echo bore the lab'ring sound.

The

LUCTUS.

The blooming scene by Fate's precarious hand,
With vary'd pencil form'd, its lustre chang'd
And pensive Grief diffus'd her sable shroud.
Thus when the Morn beams forth her orient smiles
On Nature's brood with unobstructed glance,
Some cloud malignant heaves its dusky plumes
And bellowing mounts the skies, whilst clashing hail
Darts from its frosty dome with rapid force
And strips the flow'ry lawn: no more the sun
With genial pow'r inspires the wakeful lark
To chaunt her maddin song: no longer sees
Harmonious Nature deck with wonted care
Her teeming family: with thickning gloom
The storm triumphant disappoints the day.
Pale as the silver Moon the vanquish'd Sun
Relinquishes the fields of Air: whose languid ray
Steals through the watry glade, till floods of grief
Roll their deep waves and veil the sorrowing orb.
Not less Britannia moan'd, whose sinking Muse
With drooping pinions clos'd her chearful song:
The ruby stream which grac'd her blushing cheek
Or ceas'd to flow, or chang'd its beauteous hue.
Rais'd in their crystal sluice, two gath'ring tears
Bedim'd her spark'ling eyes, which foll'wing drops,
Press'd by the gushing fount, in trick'ling rills
Pour'd on her iv'ry neck: her slack'ned hair
In locks dishevel'd fell: her filken robes
Hung loose and soon forgot their Tyrian die.
In mournful strain she rais'd her fainting hand
And gent'ly touch'd the string, whilst falt'ring words
Crept in slow notes and fan'd the flutt'ring air.
Join in her plaint Ye tuneful Sons of Cam,
And throng the stream, which erst in wanton bounds
Leap'd to the jocund pipe, or chearful lyre
And led the dance, now murm'ring lulls the song
And calls for humbler lays: in doleful dirge

Bewail

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Bewail Britannia's loss, nor strive to tell
Where in yon argent fields the waisted soul
Wings it's æthereal flight, which human bards,
Lost in the wide expanse, in vain pursue.

Gilbert Carter of Caius College.

QUA vos O Musæ! summane cacumine Pindi,
Aut Hæmo egelido, cecinistis dulcè loquace
Dulce melos citharâ, cum princeps vester ad astra
Fecit iter, superûmque choris se immiscuit hospes?
Hic vos dilexit vobis dilectus, et olli
Plurima florens viridavit tempora circum
Laurea, quæ neque tela Jovis, neque fulminis ictum
Formidans, graviore jacet nunc fulmine mortis.

Si quenquam vel rara fides, pietasve vetusta
Ad vivos olim stygiis revocavit ab undis,
Ille iterum surget, lucemque reducet in orbem;
Si populi, patriæque dolor, luctusve piorum
Spicula detorsit lethi, FREDERICUS in ævum
Prosperus extentum, non jam cecidisset iniquis
Dejectus fatis, et funere merfus acerbo;
At pietas, at prisca fides, et splendida virtus
Agnoscent pariter non eluctabile fatum.
Nil, FREDERICE, valet tibi tot resonare per ora
Laudibus eximiis; te nil AUGUSTA labantem
Flens relevare potest; neque te, Libitina, morari.

At veluti nimbus, rapiens ex lumine Phœbum,
Obscuransque diem rutilantem fulgure claro,
Ingruit; et terris nox incubat horrida mœstis;
Sic, FREDERICE, cadens, umbrisque obductus opacis
Involvis tecum totas caligine Gentes.

Quis tunc AUGUSTÆ cernenti talia sensus?
Quosve dabat trepida intuitus! non unus ibidem
Ore decor, non vultus idem, non amplius usquam

Tunc

LUCTUS.

Tunc Juvenes risere joci, lætique lepores ;
Suspirans graviter longis singultibus hincit
Triste loqui instituens, et guttis grandibus ora
Fusius humectans, vocem vix vi exprimit ægrè,
Quæ vix vi erumpens, deinde altera, et altera sistit,

Sic Cytherea potens ad flumina luget Adonin,
Sic formosa dolet, lacrumæque per ora decoræ
Perpulchrè irrorant malas, et amabilis horror
Pectora per, penitusque sinus illapsus anhelos
Se sinuat, luctuque nitescit amabilis ipso.

Deplorans cesses iterumque iterumque vocare
Amissum comitem, neque te, Regina, querelis
Tristibus exanimes : vivit ; super æthera vivens
Teque, tuosque pius quoque cælis spectat amator ;
Nunc genibus volvens hominum Divumque Parentem
Aggreditur dictis, et supplice voce precatur :

Da, Pater omnipotens, da, nulla peric'la Britannis
Eveniant unquam : da, GEORGIUS ipse senescat
Crudus, et efflorens decedat serus in astra :
Ille meum Puerum patriâ tellure relictum
Dirigat, et figens firmet vestigia prima ;
Ille regat dictis animum, mentemque vagantem.
Ipse puer spe tollat Avum, neque Gallica tellus
Unquam tam felix parili se jactet alumno :
Hic foveat socios, superisque imponat honores :
Vix ea fatus erat, cum plurima Cœlicolarum
Gaudia pertinent vultus diffusa per omnes ;
Annuit Omnipotens, nutansque hæc addidit ore :
I Puer, I GEORGÎ ; melioribus utere fatis :
Jam Pater ipse suo Divûm te signat honore.

Ra. Hopper Coll. S. Pet. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

חתעצבו עמים ברב
נדיב ארץ בשפלתו
כי בא נאהב לשאל
כי מת רצוי נחלתו

הכנעו ישבי עיר
גם שכני בשרהו
בעיר בשרה נעים הוא
חסד וחק כי עטרהו

מתך כצופים לבבו
כדבש ערף רצונו
כתל נטף במו בקר
נטפו אמרות לשונו

אמרו עמים בשמחה
בן פרת הוא יפה פרחו
יתן הוא פירות לעתו
בחירו יכסה בצלו

נבל אח נבל עלהו
כרת יכרת נצתו
בכו עמים בכה נדיב
כי מת רצוי נחלתו

חופיע שמש באורים
עבים מה כסו פניהו
גרש תנובות אדמת
מה חמה בא מעלהו

מה שמעתי באזני
קל מחללה במסתר
קל אשת חנתאברה
יתר אהבה יתר הרר

אשת טובה איש הגבור
יהיה שלח עזרתו
הוא יתן שמחה לעני
אם לא יסעד בחירתו

אבי גדל בן הנאהב
המלך אבי עמך
יתן הוא קצה לעצב
ארץ ימים בראשך

ברוך בעמים זרעך
לו שבעי ברכות ילכו
בעז בשלום ברצון
בני בנים לו ימלכו

R. Sutton of Trinity College.

L U C T U S.

STRETCH'D on the beach, thy Genius, Albion, lay
 Where Thames in Ocean ends his winding way ;
 The azure Tide which late his banks o'erspread,
 With reflux waves now sought its native bed :
 Hither, when vain her efforts were to save
 Her much-lov'd FRED'RIC longer from the grave ;
 When now blind Fate had slit the vital thread,
 Each Grace was faded, and each beauty fled ;
 To moan her own and Virtue's loss she came,
 And made the shores repeat the lovely Name.
 Her soon the Monarch of the Main survey'd
 And rising, thus bespoke the weeping Maid :

“ Why flows the tear, why heaves thy big-swoln breast ?
 “ Say, why's Britannia thus with grief oppress'd ?
 “ The madning din of war no more alarms,
 “ No widdow'd mothers mourn the fate of Arms,
 “ Thy Sons secure the sweets of Peace enjoy
 “ And Arts not Arms, shall now each Youth employ.
 He ceas'd. The guardian Goddess, thus replies :
 “ Ask you the cause from whence my griefs arise ?
 “ Tho' smiling Peace diffuse her gladning ray,
 “ And GEORGE but rules, as Justice points the way ;
 “ Tho' Freedom owns his mild and easy reign,
 “ Unaw'd by Hydra faction's savage train :
 “ Yet since we've lost, O ! lost the fairest flower,
 “ That e'er bedeck'd the shining scenes of power ;
 “ Albion no more her wonted charms retains,
 “ A gloomy horror clouds her mournful plains,
 “ No more the Muses wake their warbling lyres,
 “ To trill the strains that genial joy inspires ;
 “ But in the plaintive ditty sadly flow,
 “ The melting bosom pours forth all its woe.
 “ His sacred hearse see ! weeping Granta strew,
 “ With tears to Learning's gentle guardian due.
 “ Oft for dread Conqu'rors has the lyre been strung,
 “ But milder Virtues now demand the song.

“ When

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ When Cromwell to the realms of night was hurl’d,
“ Torn in loud tempests from the trembling world ;
“ Tho’ Nature sickn’d at the baleful blast,
“ And with the Tyrant almost breath’d her last ;
“ Yet Waller’s tributary numbers paid
“ Immortal honours to his dreary Shade.
“ Without or his, or haughty Cæsar’s guilt,
“ No lands usurp’d, no blood unjustly spilt,
“ Sunk FRED’RIC safely in the arms of Death,
“ And calmly as He liv’d resign’d his breath,
“ Nor to th’ æthereal domes was e’er convey’d
“ A nobler Guest or more illustrious Shade.

Kennet Gibson of Christ’s College.

P RINCIPIS abrepti fuerat non ima voluptas
Progeniem studiis excoluisse suam.
Nec pia sollicitum frustrata est cura parentem ;
Surgunt felici femina sparsa solo.
Hinc gentilis honos, et virtus emicat ardens,
Hinc vigor ingenii, nec temeranda fides.
Quam non spondemus per postera sæcula famam ?
Quem non Cæsareæ spemque decusque domûs ?
Te licet extinctum, FREDERICE, Britannia ploret,
Heu ! nunquam imperio jam fruitura tuo ;
Spem licet abreptam nobis, et inania vota,
Amissasque tuâ morte queratur opes ;
Non tamen ingentis deerunt solatia luctus,
Dum fovet in placido pignora sacra sinu.
Nam memor hoc animo voluit — tua plurima virtus
Semper in augusta prole superstes erit.

Johannes Fullerton Coll. Eman. Alumn.

L U C T U S.

'T WAS at the solemn hour when ghosts repair
 To earth, and glide along the midnight air ;
 When all was hush'd, except a bell, whose toll
 Rung the sad knell of some departing soul ;
 Musing I lay on life's uncertain date,
 And the vain glories of this mortal state,
 Then sunk to rest, but knew no calm repose
 Still doom'd to scenes of visionary woes.

Along those gloomy isles I seem'd to tread,
 Where sleep entomb'd Britannia's mighty dead ;
 Sudden the distant, plaintive echoes sound
 From vaulted roofs, and hollow tombs around ;
 Near and more near, the doubling voices rise,
 And gleaming tapers strike my wond'ring eyes :
 At length an awful train appear'd in view,
 All cloth'd in flowing vests of snowy hue ;
 Slow, solemn, sad, they trod, a tuneful throng,
 And swell'd in lengthen'd notes the melancholy song ;
 While mournful sounds the organ's breath inspire
 Responsive pealing to the pausing quire :
 Stretch'd on a bier, in ermine robes array'd,
 All pale in death, a form majestick laid ;
 With royal arms the pall embroider'd o'er,
 Soft as they trod, the garter'd nobles bore,
 At each slow step they drop'd a silent tear,
 And sighing crowds of mourners clos'd the rear ;
 Methought as near the sad procession drew,
 The marble urns all sweat a clammy dew,
 Loud jar the brazen gates, the statues nod,
 And awful tremblings rock the dread abode :
 By time-worn vaults, and mansions of the dead,
 Pensive I saw the weeping orders tread,
 Then sigh'd, and woke ; and now the morning came,
 The morning big with melancholy fame,
 Our flowing tears the general loss deplore,
 The Friend, the Prince, the Patriot breathes no more.

E e

Weep,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Weep, Britain, weep in agonizing woe,
And rend the laurel from thy mournful brow;
Lo, where in Death's encircling arms he lies;
With him thy pride, with him thy glory dies.
'Tis thus in vain to transient life we trust,
And each fair hope falls wither'd in the dust.
O, if to bear a mild, a generous heart,
To act each social, and each patriot part,
Fill ev'ry scene with dignity and ease,
In conscious merit ever sure to please;
To be whate'er the great, the good admire,
The faithful husband, and the tender fire;
Ardent to gain a nation's just applause,
And ever active in the publick cause;
If, Britons, these can claim the general tear,
Approach, and pour the grateful tribute here.

Fate, be thy darts at vulgar bosoms hurl'd,
The shame, the refuse of a selfish world,
Mean souls, who feel no int'rest but their own,
Of wealth who bow before the golden throne,
Rich in the tears from orphans eyes that flow;
Great, and triumphant in a nation's woe:
But know, dread pow'r, fair virtue cannot die,
She scorns the earth, and seeks her parent skie;
Urns like their dead shall moulder into dust,
And time tread down the monumental bust,
The stars must fall, the heav'ns be wrap'd in fire,
And Death himself by his own shafts expire;
Crown'd with immortal youth shall virtue bloom,
Defy the stroke, and triumph o'er the tomb.

Farewel, great Soul; O may thy shade be blest,
And seraphs waft thee to eternal rest.
Farewel, great Soul; till nature's second birth,
Secure we trust thy relicts to the earth;
There, 'till the trump shall rend th' astonish'd skies,
And with loud echoes bid the dead arise,

Sleep

L U C T U S.

Sleep undisturb'd, amid that glorious train,
Whose honour'd bones yon hallow'd shrines contain,
The laurel'd bard, the philosophic sage,
Whoe'er delighted, or inform'd an age,
Warriors, who bled in freedom's glorious cause,
Patriots, whose counsels sav'd expiring laws,
Kings, whose good deeds still grateful nations tell,
Who liv'd belov'd like thee, like thee lamented fell.

What tho' thy tomb no martial trophy boasts
For ravag'd nations, and for slaughter'd hosts ;
What tho' no crouching captives frown in stone,
And bound beneath thy statue seem to groan ;
Yet shall where'er thy peaceful ashes sleep,
The friends of Britain and of Freedom weep ;
Each peaceful Virtue shall thy grave surround,
And musing Silence watch the holy ground ;
There too the Muse her choicest wreaths shall bring,
There to thy soul her soothing requiem sing,
There to thy fame with gen'rous labour raise
The time-defying pyramid of praise.

But, O! if ought departed spirits know,
Or heav'nly minds are touch'd with things below ;
If those, who erst to loftiest views aspir'd
With love of fame, of publick virtue fir'd,
Yet urge the glorious task, ordain'd to wait
Ministrant guardians of a nations fate ;
Still as thy Britain's Genius may'st thou stand,
And o'er her kingdoms stretch thy saving hand,
Far from her shores avert with watchful care,
The flames of Discord, and the rage of War,
Give Peace to rule for ever o'er her plain,
And spread her empire o'er the boundless main ;
So may kind Heaven propitious hear our prayers,
And crown thy Father's life with length of years ;
And when he late the debt of nature pays,
Mature in honours, as mature in days ;

Then

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Then may thy Offspring to the throne arise,
And blest, like him, like thee, a nation's eyes;
With equal footsteps tread the paths of fame,
And join the Patriot's to the Monarch's name.
Thus long as round Britannia's founding shores
His hoary waves embracing Ocean pours,
Thy fair descendants shall the scepter sway,
Shall teach the willing Briton to obey,
From age to age a bright succession shine,
And Fate and Freedom guard the BRUNSWIC line.

James Marriott of Trinity Hall.

E'ER villag'd Care had swung the morning flail,
When chaunting Cocks the doubtful day-light hail;
Forth from her Attic dome all sadly flow,
With pale mischance deep-visag'd on her brow,
Drest by the flattern hand of artless woe,
Imperial GRANTA mov'd: She sought the cave
Whence hoary Camus pour'd his sleepy wave,
Where Moss clung rev'rend on Time-hallow'd stone,
And mineral Stars with humid radiance shone;
With rough-wrought Rock the glimmering arches frown'd,
And Ivy crept o'er Sapphires on the ground:
There on a velvet Turf impearl'd with dew,
Fed from whose rills a bowring laurel grew,
The God reclines; His head with Ofiers bound,
His waist a wat'ry mantle waves around,
While all above the choral music rings
Of Echo prattling with the pebbled Springs.
The Queen arriv'd: She spoke and heav'd a sigh,
The Tear soft-trilling from her diamond eye;
"Thee holy Sire, Apollo gives to know
"The mind of Dreams, the Prophet voice of woe.

"Then

L U C T U S.

" Then read my fears — 'Twas in yon solemn fane
 " My sons to freedom pour'd the votive strain;
 " Myself, methought, with honest pride elate,
 " Fast by the Pow'r enthron'd assum'd my feat:
 " Then thro' the Dome a kingly Train proceeds,
 " The Blaze of Empire beaming round their heads,
 " ALFRED the wife, ELIZA child of Fame,
 " EDWARDS and HENRIES each a sacred Name,
 " Heroes array'd in modest majesty,
 " Who made their Country great, and left it free,
 " Each lowly bow'd: The Pow'r her head inclin'd
 " Gracious, and o'er their brows the laurel twin'd.
 " Now bolder joy glows radiant in her face;
 " WILLIAM succeeds and ANN and BRUNSWIC'S Race:
 " More and more glorious rose the growing scene
 " 'Till FREDERIC's blooming Honors clos'd the Train:
 " Bright as th' effulgence of the God of Noon,
 " Mild as the silver streams of ev'ning Moon,
 " The youth advanc'd: The Virgin's modest cheek,
 " The Sages brow, with looks that sweetness speak,
 " The Mien hereditary greatness owns,
 " Told the grand Heir of Albion's sea-built thrones.
 " Wild transport caught the Goddess, from her hand
 " Dropt the proud Pileus and the vengeful wand,
 " As from her seat, with eager haste, she strove
 " To clasp her Hero in the arms of Love.
 " Alas! not FREDERIC meets her fond embrace,
 " Vanish'd in senseless air, thro' pathless space
 " The glorious Phantom fled; nor left beneath
 " Save, what the Graces wove, a laurel wreath:
 " This sacred pledge receiv'd a lovely Boy,
 " With features withering in the bloom of joy.

The Mourner paus'd; for Camus heard no more,
 Too well he read the Fates prophetic lore:
 Then as the Trance of untongu'd horror ceas'd,
 He hung the languid head, he smote his breast,

F f

And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

And utter'd all his woes — " Ah! well a day!
" Hush, bubbling fount, ye welling urns decay,
" And yon grey tow'rs that quiver in my tide
" Fall your proud vaults, your star-tipt spires subside;
" For ah! the hope of Britain dies! he dies!
" Death's freezing palm has clos'd his beamless eyes!
" Nor would stern Fate by Britain's prayers be won?
" Nor could the Goddess save her darling Son?
" Tho' well, I ween, with tendance meet she strove,
" Lap't in soft dreams, nurs'd with a mother's love.
" How soon has Time with wilful touch eras'd
" The flattering scene, on which fond Fancy gaz'd!
" As when, my waters huddling to the deep,
" O'er Neptune's front the circling wrinkles creep,
" I saw the glories of his life diffuse,
" To where the red Horizon shuts our views:
" But yon fell tempest anarch of the Sea,
" Has broke their mazy course, their fair array;
" O'er mountain waves the curling surge is tost,
" And the brave prospect's in confusion lost."
He ceas'd: the Genius of the land drew near,
A wreathing Dolphin lash'd his trident spear,
A Shepherd's pipe was girded in his zone,
And various harvest form'd his platted crown.
He spoke repentant Fate's benign decree,
The lengthen'd reign of GEORGE and Liberty,
That FREDERIC's virtues rip'ning for a throne
Were pour'd in double portion on his Son.
So sweetly did the song of comfort sound,
Fair Granta felt not sorrow's rankling wound:
And Camus listen'd to the tale he told
With patient looks of anguish half consol'd.

Edward Dering Fellow Commoner of St. John's College,
Eldest Son of Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

LUCTUS.

ANNE igitur stat summa dies, supremæque Parcæ
 Fila legunt? an claustra animus mortalia rumpit,
 Et semel emissus nunquam revocabilis? heu! vos,
 Numina, dura nimis! nimis heu! crudelia Fata!
 Nec te sancta Fides, Pietas, Astræaque Virgo,
 Nec te labentem texit tua plurima virtus.
 Nequicquam precibus, nequicquam Numina votis
 Flectere speramus, nequicquam accendimus aras:
 Fata vocant. — Nunc ecce fugit, cœlestia jussa
 Audire exultans; nunc ecce per æthera fertur
 Invidiâ major; nec pulchra insignia pompæ
 Deferere, Imperii nec relinquere tædet honores.
 Nam quid splendor opum? quid pompa? quid inclyta regni
 Gloria? quam vana hæc, quam contemnenda videntur,
 Debita latura est cum jam sua præmia virtus.
 Jamque suâ quid non dignum virtute mereri
 Ecce corona manet, stellato lumine fulgens,
 Æthereis æterna plagis, quam nec gravis urget
 Anxiety, nec cura nigris circumvolat alis.
 Heu! qualem perdis, qualem, generosa, Parentem,
 Progenies! Quis nunc patriis vos implicet ulnis?
 Quis patrio foveat gremio, sperataque libet
 Oscula? qualem et, tu, Consors præclara, Maritum,
 Tali digna Viro, perdis! Quis nunc tibi dulci
 Colloquio tarde labentes conterat horas?
 Quis nunc participet vitæ tibi gaudia? blandâ
 Quis voce ingratos curarum leniat æstus?
 Denique tu, Natale Solum, tu, Patria, quantum
 Præsidium, et quantum perdis decus, Anglia, Regni!
 Qualis ubi Autumno furit improvisa procella,
 Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis
 Eruit, et mœsti frustratur vota coloni;
 Sic Decus, et Columnen Britonum, sic Gloria, sic Spes,
 Et sic Angliacæ perierunt Gaudia Gentis.
 — At tu, Melpomene, extremo hoc te munere solvas,
 Nam te, Musa, decet: summi pete culmina Pindi,

Aut

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Aut ubi Castalius gelido fons profilit antro;
Inde legas flores ceu languentis Hyacinthi,
Ceu Violæ, fluxæve Rosæ; nunc sparge Cupressi
Frondes, nunc decora præclari Principis urnam.

Tu vero, venerande Puer, spes altera Gentis
Angliacæ, cujus spatiis propioribus ætas
Insequitur Patrem, Surge, O! vestigia Patris
Sacra legens, Surge, O patriæ pietatis imago!
Tandem, ubi tranquillâ compôstus pace quiescet
GEORGIUS, et proprio condetur marmore, quod Dî
Avertant nobis, et, si mihi poscere Divos
Ista licet, nostros maneant ea fata Nepotes;
Accipe, digne Puer, signum; decus accipe Regni,
Hæsuram capiti multâ cum laude Coronam.

Pemberton Div. Coll. Pet. Alum.

SAY Ye, whose philosophic breasts defy,
And scorn the childish impotence of tears,
Heave not your hearts, with the contagious sigh;
While ev'ry eye replete with grief appears?

What tho' in that serene retreat ye dwell,
Where sacred Virtue, with Religion join'd,
Mocks the vain terrors of the dreaded knell,
And guides to immortality the mind:

While the destroying Angel stalks abroad,
Are ye not mov'd, at weeping Britain's woe?
Earthquakes presag'd the long impending rod;
And FREDERIC's death compleats th' avenging blow.

In Him Britannia's second Glory fled;
Whose breast, with every social Grace refin'd,
Improv'd th' endearments of the marriage bed;
Britain's great Patron, Friend of all Mankind.

Him

LUCTUS.

Him nature form'd the regal helm to guide,
Nor less to shine in every private scene ;
Nor could the pomp of state those virtues hide ;
But gave them strength, and rais'd them to be seen.

He ne'er the visionary bliss enjoy'd,
That from the smile of fickle fortune flows :
His nobler soul sublimer themes employ'd,
Themes that the Hero's bosom only knows.

But yet to others, bountiful, as great,
He gave those pleasures which himself could scorn ;
Sav'd the poor Orphan from impending fate,
And blest'd the Children which are yet unborn.

See where the silent, the ingenuous tear
Steals down the weeping Merchant's hardy cheek ;
While from his bosom bursts the sigh sincere,
That tells the sorrow which he cannot speak !

Ask, why commercial industry restrains
Her busy hand, Great FREDERIC's death's the cause ?
To pay due honours to his last Remains,
Trade droops her head ; and Pleasure makes a pause.

Did he not patronize each useful art,
Peculiar glory, of his Father's reign :
We saw with joy, the new-erected Mart,
And Plenty rising from the British main.

Alike his care the cottage and the court ;
To him their love reciprocally shown ;
His smile their bliss, his bounty their support :
Their hearts the basis of his future throne.

But why persists the elegiac muse
To aggravate the heart-corroding pain ?
Britons will ne'er their much-lov'd FREDERICK lose,
While Royal GEORGE and BRUNSWICK's Line remain.

Charles Lock of St. John's College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

HITHER descend, thou Spirit sublime and pure!
That fled'st e'er while with FRED'RIC's parting breath,
Instruct'ft his firm unshaken mind t' endure
The heart-felt pangs, and chill arrest of death.

Where wings his Soul, above the prying fight,
In the warm confines of eternal day,
There, in auspicious hour, direct your flight,
And join him on his heav'n-pursuing way :

Tell him Britannia's cheerless Sons lament
The well-lov'd Prince, the full-fraught Patriot gone ;
That heart which on it's Country's good was bent,
Shall melt, I ween, to hear her plaining moan.

If Heav'n had granted all her vot'ries would,
And winning Piety had charms to save,
Himself, where thousands fell, unharm'd had stood,
Nor grac'd the fatal triumphs of the grave.

Were the relenting Pow'rs dispos'd to give
One spark serene, one life-inspiring ray,
Again we'd bid the mould'ring dust to live,
And wake from drousy sleep the lumpish clay.

Yet boots not sad-ey'd grief, or loud complaint,
Soon as th' unfetter'd flutt'ring soul is flown ;
The gates of bliss enclose their welcome Saint,
And heav'n hath stamp't th' approved Guest her own.

Say then, if the lost tear implores too late,
Nor the fond pray'r may cancel nature's laws,
'Midst the dark records of eye-shunning fate
Who shall enquire the sad distressing cause ?

Let but thy genius breath th' awak'ning theme,
Smile on the glorious task thou hadst begun,
From censure's lash the works of Heav'n redeem,
And all the Father fill th' accomplish'd Son.

R. Cumberland A. B. Trin. Coll.

L U C T U S.

ΔΕΥΡΟ, θεα, συγέρη' ἔ' η κυμασι μεμνημένων,
 Και πασαις ῥαβδῷ κρατεῖς οδυνησιν ἀνασσα,
 Ουνομα Μελπομένη, δδύρ', ἠδ' ἐπιταρρόθ' ἰδί·
 Ουδεν γὰρ σε ἀνδρ δυνάμαι, ἀκαχημύθ' ἠδ' ἔ·
 Λδυγαλέως συγκλαί', ἀγαθὴ μεμνημένη δούρος,
 Πδωτοῖς ἀρετῇσι κεκασμύρα εν Βρεῖανοῖσιν.
 Ποτνια μῦρ πμῇ εν ἡμεροενί πωρσωπῷ
 Ησο, σαοφροσύνης τε κασιγνήτη ἐταρῇ τε
 Αἰδώς, ἰδρύσας' ἱερὸν δυνάμει τ' ἐδ' εἶχεν.
 Ἰδμοσύνη δ' ἐπὶ δεξιοφιν, ταλασίς δ' ἐπ' ὀπηδ'·
 Ηδ' ἐπ' ἀριστεροφιν, τοὶ ἀληθεῖ τε δίκη τε.
 Νεσορ' ὥς, τῆδ' αἰεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή
 Πρεσβυτέρων εν ὁμιλῷ, ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ἀρῖα ἦδη.
 Πλουτοὺν ἐχὼν, τίω χεῖρα πονητῶν οὐρεξεν·
 Εὐ δ' ἄλλους δίκας, ὥς θεῶ τον ἐπειτα δίκασε.
 Μητέρα, τίω φιλοχρημοσύνῃ, κακοτήτ' ἀπάσσης,
 Πῆμα ποθεινόν, αἰ ὀλιγωρήσ', ὡς εἰς εἰκέν·
 Εὐ τοδὲ δὴ, ὥς θεσμὸν ενὶ στήθεσσι φυλάσσων,
 Πδωτῶν μετρεῖν ἀρίστον, ὑπερβασίλῃ δ' ἀλεγείνῃ.
 Εἰ Καίσαρ, καὶ Κυρ' ἐτ', ἔ κλε' ἔρανον ἰκε,
 Ηρώες τ', οἱ ζῶον ὅτε χρυσεὸν γεν' ἐσκεν,
 Ημιθεοὶ τ' ἐκαλοντο, ἰδὸν φα' ἡλιοιο,
 Οὐλιδανοὶ ἐγενοντ', ὅδ' ὀλωλε γὰρ Ἰσοθε' Φῶς.
 Ἐλλίπε κυδαλῖμον πατέρ', ὅς πωρφερέσατ' ἀνδρῶν,
 Ἀλλὰ δὲ νῦν πολιορκητὰφ' ἐπὶ γῆρατ' ἔδ'·
 Τῆδ' ἀπὸ εἰ μὴ ἀμυνέσθιν βιότιο τελευτῇ
 Μοῖραὶ ἀλεξικάκοι, δούρις πόλις ἡμυσθεν,
 Δυσμύρων ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμῖσα τε, πρεσβυμένη τε.
 Λεῖπεν δ' εν μεγαρῇσι δυσάμμορον, ἀχαλωσαν
 Χηλῷ, Χηλῷ, ἠδ' ἀρεταῖς ἰσάσεν ἀκοιτῇ,
 Χηλῷ, ἡ μάλα θνητῶν πότε φυλά γυναικῶν,
 Καλλεῖ καὶ χαιρετῶσι πῶι πολλὸν πωρβεβηκεν.

Αὐτὰρ

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Αυταρ τι θνήσκον καλλῶ γ' ; ὡς ἀνθεός, αἰών.
 Τε τυτθῶ τε, μινυθαδιῶ τ', ἠδ' ἐκ ἐπιθροῖν.
 Νῦν ὀλιγηπέλεσσα, καὶ ἐν φρεσὶ πένθος ἐχέσσα,
 Τειρομένη ὀδυνησί, φίλον τὸν κλαίει ἀκοιτην,
 Ἴσον τῇ κεφαλῇ, καὶ αὐπνοὺς νυκτὰς ἰαυεῖ.
 Οὐδὲ νῦν δειλῇ, εἰ ζῶειν ἐθέλ', αἶνα παθούσα.
 Ποιμνία τ' ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ σμικρῶν μὲν ἀγακλυτὰ τέκνων,
 Τὰς σοναχὰς σοναχάις, καὶ δακρυὰ δακρυσί μιγνύντ'.
 Οἰκτρὸν ἰδεῖσθαι. αὐτὰρ δ' ἔτι παλινάγρετος ἐστίν.
 Φῶς γὰρ κοινὰ παθῇ· ὁ βίος τρυχὸς· ἀσάτος ὁλβος.
 Οὐδ' ἂν ἀποινὰ δίδας θανάλον φυγοί· αὐτὰρ ἐκαστὴν
 Πεπρωτὴν θάμνειν, θανάτοιο σιδηρεὸν ἦτορ.
 Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἐν τεθνηῇ ἔρκος κύδος τε Βρεττανῶν,
 Κλαίετε πάντες ἀμὰ νεανίσκοι, ἠδὲ γερῶντες,
 Ἡδὲ μὲν ἡθεοὶ, καὶ παρθενοὶ ἀλφεσιβοῖαι.
 Κλαίετε νῦν λιγέως, τόδε γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θάμνοντων,
 Κλαίειτ' ἀεὶ δούσαντ' ἠγητορά, κλαίετε Μῆσαι.

Baker John Littlebales Trin. Coll. Alumnus.

O Sad reverse of fate! in songs of joy
 Late did the Muse her sprightly hours employ;
 Now setting pensive in the Cypress gloom,
 She pours her sorrows o'er great FRED'RICK's Tomb.
 At woe like this what Soul its firmness keeps?
 What Heart but trembles, or what Eye but weeps?
 Heav'n seem'd of late, by fearful Omens sent,
 To warn Britannia of some dire event;
 O'er all the Isle did threat'ning Thunders sound,
 Unusual Earthquakes rock'd the trembling ground.
 Yet not alarm'd at wonders thus Divine,
 Vain Man regardless view'd each boding sign:

Not

LUCTUS.

Not one his crimes in prudence wou'd forego,
None fear'd, nor seem'd to fear th' impending woe.
Too heedless Albion! Had these threats severe
Drawn from thy Sons but one repentant tear;
Perhaps kind Heav'n, unwilling to destroy,
Had sav'd the Prince to give the People joy.

But tho' of late for crimes our Isle has bled,
And heavier vengeance She may justly dread;
Yet Oh! if Albion, once thy fav'rite land
Within the reach of boundless pity stand,
If mercy o'er thy gracious actions shine,
Here stop thy wrath, Great Judge in Heav'n divine.
Long on his Throne let GEORGE Illustrious Reign,
Long hold Dominion o'er the subject Main;
Till by his glorious Toils all discord cease,
And Britain flourish in eternal Peace.
And when proud Death shall summon him away,
O fix at distance that tremendous day!
And disencumber'd of this earthly load,
His Soul triumphant seeks thy bless'd abode:
Transmitted fair let all his Virtues shine,
And flow for ever in the BRUNSWIC Line.
Another GEORGE let grateful Albion own,
And when at distant years he mounts the Throne;
Let the brave Conduct of his Granfire show,
In fields of War to crush the rival Foe;
And the dear Memory of FRED'RICK move,
With peaceful Arts to gain his Country's Love.
And last, this youthful Heroe to compleat,
And make the future Monarch Wise and Great;
His Mother's Prudence let him place to view,
With rival speed her shining steps pursue:
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J. Cranwell M. A. Fellow of Sidney College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

LATE, by her guardian Monarch's patriot care,
Britannia rested from the toils of War;
Peace o'er the Land her gentle influence shed,
And smiling Plenty rais'd her drooping head:
Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole
"In happy tides again did Commerce roll:"
Blith joy and transport fill'd each gen'rous breast;
The Muses triumph'd, and their arts were blest.

But Oh! by sudden fate how sink our joys!
Great FREDERIC falls — I hear the general voice
Lament Britannia's loss, and blame the Fate
That struck the rising honour of her State.
Lovely he shone with such attractive grace,
As spoke him form'd to govern human race,
Engage each heart, make Envy's self admire,
And guide the freeborn Briton's native fire.
His Country's good he fought; his glorious aim
T' extend her just renown, and useful fame:
T' advance her Commerce new designs were plann'd,
Grew by his care, and rose at his command;
The gen'rous act the grateful Merchant own'd,
And, just to public Virtue, Fortune crown'd.

Ye tow'ring Vessels! pride of Britain's shore,
Bow your gay Flags; for FRED'RIC is no more:
He, by whose aid ye hop'd in future days
To stretch to ampler bounds the Empire of the Seas,
"New Lands to seek, new Indies to explore,
"And plant in worlds unknown Britannia's power."

Ye Muses! to whose care 'tis giv'n to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the common grave,
To crown the Virtuous with immortal Fame,
And pay due tribute to the Hero's name;
To FREDERIC's Bier with solemn steps and slow,
Approach, and view the cause of Britain's woe;
In pious grief employ your choicest lays,
And sing in grateful strains your Patron's praise:

For

LUCTUS.

For not alone his Country's love inspir'd
His breast; your Arts he knew, he lov'd, admir'd;
Your gentle Arts, ye Muses, were his care,
His softer hours did grace, his favour share.

What need his private Virtues to commend,
To paint the tender Father, Husband, Friend?
How each relation shew'd him good and wise,
For social duties form'd, and social Bliss?

With what compassion swell'd his glowing breast
At sight of human woe; how shone confest
The lover of Mankind, when want or grief
Besought a pitying eye, and claim'd relief;
Let those he succour'd tell, let those confess
The bounteous Hand, that aided their distress:
Thousands at once shall grateful voices raise,
And crowds unnumber'd witness to his praise.

Such late was FRED'RIC; e'er the ruthless Pow'r
Of cruel Death brought on the fatal hour,
Death, that unpitying strikes the Good and Brave;
Nor can her Vot'ries awful Virtue save,
Nor Wisdom guard her Sons from the rapacious Grave.
Brave Scipio fell in martial honours great;
And wise and learned Tully met his fate.
The world's great Mistress mourn'd with anxious pain
Her lov'd Marcellus' fall; but mourn'd in vain;
Old Tyber grieving heard the general moan,
And bad his streams hoarse-murm'ring swell the groan;
And Britain now, as mighty Rome before,
Bewails with fruitless tears her FRED'RIC now no more.

See! where in all the majesty of woe,
While tears of heart-felt grief incessant flow,
Her much-lov'd Lord his Royal Consort mourns:
Sorrow and Love distract her Soul by turns;
Fond Fancy oft deludes with soft alarms,
And paints her Prince returning to her arms:

But

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

But ah! too soon the pleasing vision flies,
Fresh tears again burst forth, fresh sorrows rise.
Could ought avail great FRED'RIC to retrieve,
And call the Hero from the gloomy grave,
Thy tears, AUGUSTA, sure his chains could break,
From the cold sleep of Death, thy voice awake;
Thy charms alone the tyrant could assuage,
Bid drop his ebon lance, and cease to rage.

But since e'en these are vain; forbear to grieve:
Still in his Offspring does thy FRED'RIC live;
Hence may a ray of gleaming comfort flow,
Chear thy sad heart, and chase the clouds of woe;
Whilst in their youthful bosoms pleas'd you trace
Each op'ning virtue, and each blooming grace.

O! may thy care improve the gen'rous fire,
That warms their breasts, and teach them to aspire
To be like FRED'RIC great, and emulate their Sire: }
That, when the Hero of some future day,
Young GEORGE shall rise, and Albion's sceptre sway;
Some Briton then in triumph may exclaim,
" Our Monarch equals his great Father's fame,
" Like him, deserves the honours he receives;
" And Merit claims the rank, which Birth to Sov'reigns gives.

Fr. Maseres of Clare-Hall.

SAY, can the Muse to artless strains impart
The pious anguish of a bleeding heart?
These still are our's: O could they ever flow,
In all the melting eloquence of woe!
On Virtue's tomb their sacred incense shed,
Call all his Graces round the Princely Dead!
And bear his praise on Fancy's soaring wing,
To yon bright regions of eternal spring!

With

LUCTUS.

With all that nature, all that art could lend,
To grace the Husband, and endear the Friend,
With generous zeal the Patriot to inspire,
With tender love to animate the Sire ;
Such was the Man : — A sigh's sad incense bring,
And say in tears what would have been the King.

But Oh ! no more th' ungrateful theme pursue !
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas ! all adieu !
Angels have call'd him to their blest abode ;
Nor thou, fond Bride, could'st snatch him from his God :
Ah ! what avail'd thy kind incessant care !
Profusive tears, and impotence of prayer !
Cold is that breast which glow'd with fond desire,
Once true and faithful to a mutual fire.
Yet tho' our Sun his genial rays deny,
Serenely set beneath the clouded sky ;
Still in his Princely progeny survey
Th' auspicious dawning of a future day.

Rise, Prince, beneath a Monarch's fostering hand,
Crown each fond wish, and bless th' expecting land ;
Whether to arms thy generous Soul aspire,
And GEORGE shall lend thee all the Hero's fire ;
Or gentle Arts with softer charms engage,
And form the FRED'RIC of a rising age.

Come then, gay Hope, the drooping soul sustain,
Rouse the dull lyre, and swell the dying strain ;
Awake to extacy the tuneful tongue :
Death now no more, but GEORGE demands the song !
GEORGE still survives : Britannia's power remains,
Her joys for ever last, her Monarch reigns.
The glorious theme shall every thought employ :
A tear were treason to the heart-felt joy.
How bless'd these Realms, ye sportive Muses tell,
That still can triumph, tho' your FRED'RIC fell.

Jeff. Ekins of King's College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ERGON' purpureos expectant Fata tyrannos?
Excipit et folii flebilis urna vices?
Regales adeo instituis, Libitina, triumphos?
Et pompæ accedunt sceptrâ vel ipsa tuæ?
Nempè sacra ex nostrâ quærenda est victima terrâ,
Anglica sic virtus invidiosa tibi.
Crediderim (ex lacrymis si par jactura feratur)
Plus justo Infernas jam patuisse domos.
Vidimus attonitos FREDERICI morte Britannos,
Fata simul flentes Principis, atque sua.
Defuetos pia Musa in fletus ora resolvens,
Vix discit luctu consona verba suo:
Sufficit ingenti non ipsa Elegeia Fato,
Carmina et officio mœret iniqua suo.
Pectora plus lugent jacturam, oculique loquuntur,
Et querulæ partes lacryma vocis agit.
Heu modo tantus, ubi es? plaudat Libitina lucello:
Non Stygias subiit pulchrior umbra domos.
Una tamen vitæ Tibi sunt dispendia, nobis
Tot sunt, Virtutes quot periere tuæ.
Spiravit, moritur tecum pœne Anglia, tanti
Fida per exequias Principis usque comes:
Non tamen usque Comes: sequitur dum funera Nati
Flebilis, annosum respicit ægra Patrem.
Aspice distractæ, bone Rex, pia pectora Gentis,
Ut varias peragunt cura dolorque vices.
Quo GEORGI invigilet vitæ patria, O FREDERICE,
Cogitur heu mortis vix meminisse tuæ.
Define Tuque tuo, Rex, indulgere dolori,
Nè Patriam exanimet tanta querela tuam.
Illius occiduæ reparans dispendia lucis,
Vester eat radio splendidiore dies.

H. Knapp Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

LUCTUS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHILST you with pious grief your loss deplore,
A tender Parent now alas! no more,
Whilst all around their doleful voices raise,
And gratefully unite in FRED'RIC's praise;
Think not the Muse looks o'er with heedless mind,
The universal sorrows of Mankind;
She who enraptur'd late did joy to sing
The guardian Hero and the patriot King,
In other notes to the distracted throng,
Now plaintive tunes her sympathetick song;
Mournful to tell to the remotest Pole
How beam'd the native kindness of his Soul;
How in each action he was born to please,
Whilst on his brow sat dignity and ease;
Whilst nature in one name had strove to blend
The Prince, the Patron, Husband, Father, Friend.

With double anguish does the Muse bemoan,
Weep him as Britain's glory and her own:
For much did he soft Beauty's Charms admire,
The Poet's rapture and the silver Lyre;
Much did he joy in tuneful Notes to sing,
And touch with cunning art the trembling String;
Or o'er the plane in breathing lines to roll,
And paint each glowing passion of the Soul.

Yet, O! great Youth, since fate his life denies,
And FRED'RIC falls fair Virtue's sacrifice,
Cease thus in frantick agony to wail,
For nought the briny tide of sorrow can avail.

What though around his ever-gentle heart,
Each soft affection dwelt devoid of art;

Yet

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Yet is not ev'ry social Virtue fled,
Fled with their Patron to the dreary Dead ;
Still, still, may they survive th' untimely blow,
And lovely in thy royal Bosom glow.

Yet stands unfully'd his immortal Name,
Resplendent on the sacred Rolls of Fame ;
With love of kind Benevolence t' inspire,
And kindle in each Breast a Patriot fire.

But, nor is all delight, all comfort lost,
The only honour of fair Albion's coast ;
Still full of Years, of Virtue, and Renown,
The antient Glory of the British Crown,
Thy Grandfire lives, to sooth Britannia's care,
Of courage dauntless and of Heart sincere ;
Still lives AUGUSTA on the lonely Plain,
Darling of Heav'n and the luckless Swain ;
Each blooming grace does her soft mind adorn,
Bright as the Star that gilds the purple Morn.

So may'st thou triumph with majestick Charms
In arts accomplish'd, as renown'd in arms ;
With awful sway rule o'er the prosp'rous Land,
And be the first in Worth, as in Command ;
Before our eyes again thy Father place,
And imitate the glories of thy Race ;
Like WILLIAM from each nation force applause,
Protect thy Country and defend its Laws ;
In Virtue's cause now thunder o'er the Main,
The fair ensample of a wond'rous Reign ;
Or now the jarr of haughty States assuage,
And rise the joy of the succeeding Age.

P. Maseres of Clare-Hall.

L U C T U S.

QUANTUM contempto tremefecit Numine terræ
 Fundamenta Deus, totamque à sedibus urbem
 Concussit! Pater, ah! parcas, precor, optime, parcas
 Immeritæ genti; nec dedignere Britannum
 Exaudire preces, GEORGÏque accedere votis.
 Ah! quid BRUNSVICI de te non sceptrā merentur,
 Et pietas proavorum antiqua ab origine gentis,
 Et modò confecti pro libertate labores?
 At jam summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
 Venit; Cæsareaque atrox dominatur in arce
 Horrendum insultans Mors, instituitque triumphos.
 Concidit — Evenit non hoc fine Numine magno:
 Pro meritis tantæ virtuti magna rependit
 Omnipotens Pater; et foliis cœlestibus adsunt
 Deliciæ Britonum, et sceptri spes magna paterni.
 Principe correpto quantum O! Brittannia, quantum
 Excidium passa est! In te multum Angliā vidit
 Progeniem Iacobi inopina morte peremptam;
 Edvardumque in te non inferiora secuto;
 Nec major cecidit; quamvis animosus ad altum
 Pictavium bello, auspiciis et Marte parentis,
 Intonuit victor sine clade, et fræna subactis
 Imposuit Gallisq̃ue catenatoque Tyranno.

Tuque fovere artes felix, FREDERICE, paterni
 Gloria quæis solii, et vires crevere Britannæ.
 Tene igitur, cum jam, Princeps miserande, secundos
 Reddidit eventus belli, laudemque peractis
 Addidit imperiis pater, optatosque triumphos,
 Invidit Fortuna Anglis; ne regna viderent
 Vestra, neque ad sedes rector vehereris avitas?

At non infletum Britones heroa relinquent
 Extrema jam in morte; neque hæc sine nomine virtus
 Per gentes erit, aut ingloria concidet orbi.
 Iustitiæne prius, seu libertatis amorem
 Musa, fidemve tori memoret, curasque parentis,
 Per quas spes Britonum in tantum recidiva resurgunt;

K k

Aut

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Aut occulta piæ virtutis dona, dolores
Seu viduæ fovit, seu spem viresque reduxit
Pauperibus ? pressa est insignis gloria facti,
Nec fastus minuit meritum pietatis honorem.
Virtus, quæ fas esse, fuit : solatia luctus
Non minima ingentis, magno sed debita patri.

Et tu, magne parens, tanto ne cede dolori,
Gentibus O ! pacis felix imponere morem,
Et regere imperio populos ; tibi credita virtus,
Relligio, legesque, æternaque fata Britannûm
Auspiciis secura tuis : te sistit in uno,
Te vocat imperii trepidis, Rex maxime, rebus
Principis ingenti Britannia percita luctu.

Panditur at tibi jam rerum felicior ordo,
Felix prole pater ; tibi spes surgentis Iuli
Promittit meliora, et FRED'RICI æmula virtus.
Hic decus, et famam, majestatemque Britannûm
Extendet ; placidoque tuis virtutibus orbe,
BRUNSVICI domus æternûm dominabitur Anglis.

J. Young A.B. Coll. Regal. Socius.

AWAY, fond Hope, away the dawning joy,
That whilom sparkled in Britannia's eye —
Was it for this, the Heav'n-descended Dame,
Nurs'd with maternal care her FRED'RIC's fame ?
Was it for this, She bad him oft retreat,
And muse sequester'd in the Sylvan seat ;
Bad Cliefden, then no more the proud Alcove,
Of courtly revels, and of wanton love,
Embrown her blossom'd Sprays, and largely spread
Thick solemn Foliage o'er his musing Head ;
Then call'd each Hero of a nobler Age,
Each moral Bard, and philosophic Sage,

To

LUCTUS.

To shed their influence on the royal Youth,
And breath the sacred Lore of patriot Truth?
'Twas thus they sung —
" Tho' Pleasure smiles and courts thee to her Arms,
" Clad in her full variety of charms;
" Tho' mad Ambition, fond of lawless sway,
" All gorgeous does the glitt'ring Plumes display;
" Still let the phantom Sirens tempt in vain,
" Oh shun a slothful, shun a Tyrant Reign!
" Rightly advis'd, pursue the nobler part,
" And fix thy Empire in thy People's Heart;
" Friend to Mankind, let thy exalted Soul,
" Disdaining parts, take in the blended Whole;
" Bid Commerce wide her swelling Sails expand,
" Enriching and enrich'd, by ev'ry Land;
" But chief — let bright Religion's hallow'd flame,
" And sacred Liberty's benignant beam,
" Diffusive, to no partial bounds confin'd
" Pour all their genuine Blessings on the Mind."
In vain they sung — Fate's high behest's obey'd,
And FRED'RIC wanders in the dreary Shade;
Yet not his nobler Part — Virtue shall give,
Her vot'ries Fame eternally to live,
Shall call the Bards, on whom the natal hour,
Propitious smiling, shed the tuneful pow'r:
'Tis their's, the high prerogative to save
Departed merit from oblivion's Grave;
'Tis their's, the charm, in never dying verse,
True-glory's Heirs melodious to rehearse.
Lo! FRED'RIC calls — now must a Wreath be wove,
Of ev'ry Flow'r that blooms in Fancy's grove;
The Muses sweetest stores be all combin'd,
To imitate the Virtues of his Mind;
The living draught, wherein the Parent, Son,
Husband, and Friend, in brightest Colours shone.

John Jennings of Pembroke Hall.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Η ἄρα εἴη ὁ Θεὸς θανάτῳ ἴσον ἐδέν ἔδωκε;
 Τὶ βίῃ, εἰ μοιρῇ εἰκὲς ὑψηλὰ βεβαίῃ
 Οὐρεα, ἥδε μάτῳ κορυφαίῳ μνηκύνε' αἶων;
 Ὡλέε' υἱὸς ἀνακτῶ, ὅς ἀνθρώπων ὄχ' ἄριστος
 Καὶ βελλῶν τε Διὸς τελέειν, βελλῶ τε πολίων
 Ὡλετο εἶν; μαλακάο τε ἀδενέεσσι γυναικὸς
 Εὐχαί, καὶ τεκνῶν καὶ λαῶ ὀδύσματα μακρὰ;
 Βασκαίνῃ δ' ἄς πᾶντα θέῃ, τὰ τε πάντα τελεία
 Ἀρπάζων. Τότε ζῆν οἶδεν, τότε κοῖνα κυβερνᾷ
 Ἐν θυμῷ, πθέναί τε νόμος, δέῃ ἐμμεναι ἐχθροῖς.
 Ἀργυρέον δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι ζῆν. Χαίρεσσι μὲν ἄνδρες
 Δυσμενέες μεγάλης ἀδέως ἐπὶ πᾶσι ζῆν, ἄλλης,
 Καὶ πολεμὸν μελετῶσι. Σὺ δ', Οὐλυμποῖο ἐνοικε,
 Πατρίδα θλιβομένην ἐλέῃ, ἔκ πᾶντα μὲν ἔδωκε
 Αὐτὸς σοῖς Βριτανοῖσι διδῆ, ἀ πρὶν αὐτόθι λείπε.
 Οὐδ' ἐθανες μὲν. Ποτὲ γὰρ γαίῃ ἐνὶ μικρῷ
 Δεινοτάτως χαινέσ' ἐνεδέξατο τόσον δεινόν
 Εὐγενέων. Μεγάλῳ δ' αὐτὸς τελείας ἑκατομῶν;
 Πᾶσι μὲν ἐλπίζειν τοῖς ἀπὸ θύματ' ἐστί.
 Λήγε, γυναι, δακρύων Φθονέσ' ὀδύσματα κλαυθμοί.
 Αὐτίκα ἐρανόθεν καταβῆσ' ἐκελ' Ἑρμῇ
 Εἰς κόλπους, χαλεπῶς δὲ μαχήσε' αὐτὸς Ἀπολλων.
 Ἐχθροὶ ἤδη ἴδον, τρεμέεσσι τε δεινὰ φύγοντες.
 Πάντα δαμῶν θάνατ' ὀργῶν δυνάμιν τε πλατύνει.

Thomas Johnson Coll. D. Johannis Alumnus.

LUCTUS.

MORS subita attonitas contristat Principis urbes:
Veste dolent; Britonum corda dolore tument.

Quis modus in luctu? Placet indulgere dolori:

Publicus Ille dolor; publica cura fuit.

Integrent questus longo longo ordine matres,

Tristem opus et soboli fit renovare sonum.

Uxorem uxores plorent, et tingat ocellos

Nupta, maritali quæ gemit orba toro.

En! Tua res agitur, cuicunque ante ora Parentum

Progeniem charam contigit oppetere.

Spem refeces longam, qui gente, favore superbis;

Princeps occubuit; Te tua fata manent.

Quid jubeo? Injussi veniunt: ambire dolorem

Ut juvat! ut cumulant hoc pietatis opus!

Plebs, procures glomerant; regalis personat aula,

Pulsat et exiguas æmula cura casas.

Mœsta sedens Cami ad ripas Academia Mater

Suspirat; fluviis murmure lentus abit.

O! liceat Juveni genti immiscere togatæ,

Et tantis lachrymis consociare suas.

Cede mihi luctum; des nominis hujus honorem;

Vincet amore melos, quò minus arte valet.

Haud aliter, magno cum partu terra laborat,

Ingeminant crepitus fulminis; ora stupent.

Cœli demittunt imbres; aucti imbribus amnes

In fata profiliunt; omnia pontus habet.

Dum Tigris, Euphrates, altusque erumpit Enipeus,

Atque immane fremens turbidus urget iter;

Fons urnâ indignus quidam tumet, éque latebris

Exiliens, parvas fundere gestit aquas.

Johannes Thomlinson Coll. Christi Socio-Commensalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

WHEN Friends, fond Sharers of each other's woe,
In melting Sympathy indulge their grief,
At once their tears in streams more plenteous flow,
At once they give, at once they feel relief.

Cease then awhile, AUGUSTA, cease to mourn;
Britannia calls, to grieve not less is mine,
Tis mine with equal tears to grace the Urn,
And Friendly join my kindred streams with thine.

— No more, O Heav'n! no more — th' avenging Hand
From this my dearest, best-lov'd Race remove;
With other plagues afflict a guilty land,
And awe with other plagues my Sons to love.

Shoud'st thou — O far, far off that dreadful day!
Shoud'st thou, by one still more afflicting stroke
Rob me of him, to whom my Briton's pay
Their willing Homage — then whose aid invoke?

Who then, AUGUSTA, guards thy orphan Race,
Who guards, who cherishes their tender years,
Till each mature his gen'rous Sire displays,
And from Britannia's eyes shall wipe her tears?

He's gone, who cou'd — He's gone, whose rising Worth,
Tho' much obscur'd by GEORGE's brighter ray,
Yet sent the Dawn of Blessing o'er the Earth,
And shew'd how bright had been meridian day.

Like Him a Prince bless'd thee, Imperial Rome,
The World's delight, whose gentle peaceful sway
The Golden Age with Spring's eternal bloom
Restor'd, and chas'd each iron art away.

His Wealth, from Heav'n's all bounteous hand receiv'd,
With bounteous hand he pour'd on all Mankind;
He wept the day, when from distress reliev'd
No sweet reflections beam'd upon his mind.

No courtly Pride, no ruthless Pomp of State
Wasted the wishful eye of sad Distress,
On ready Hinges turn'd the willing gate,
And gave to ev'ry Woe its wish'd redress.

Such

LUCTUS.

Such Titus — such had FRED'RIC been, in years
Alike, in ev'ry virtue like, they fell;
Each left his mournful Country bath'd in tears,
The Worth of each the latest times shall tell.

Richard Bempde Johnstone of Pembroke Hall.

שרתה היום במדינות
העיר אשר נאה נאה
איך על לחיה דמעורת
איך היתה כאלמנה

טפסרה הוי נגור
מקה עמים ודרר
כלם עליו בטחו
ועתה כלם ינהו

כוחך הגדול ידוה
לך לבדר תוצאות חיים
אתה במלכים משלתה
ומשפיל זה זה מרים

בי עתה חוס על-עמכה
לא עוד לנקים ספה
שנח גרעת מבן
כפלים לאב תהון

Tho. Evans A. B. Coll. Jef.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

WHY doth Britannia, clad in sable weed,
 Snatch off the peaceful Olive from her brow,
 And smite her Breast, and call on FRED'RIC's Name,
 And call on ev'ry plaintive Muse to twine
 The Yew funereal, with the Cypress wreath?
 The Muse delighted, with her FRED'RIC soar'd,
 And hail'd his bright arrival to the Skies,
 And saw Cœlestial Honors on his Head,
 Greater than Albion's Diadem could give;
 And now triumphant she surveys below,
 How all her FRED'RIC in his Son survives,
 The Grandfire's Majesty, and Father's Grace!
 And whilst that Grandfire (on whose precious Life
 Still may Britannia's guardian Genius wait)
 Lives, and of happiest People reigns the King,
 The Muse shall check her Sorrows, and record
 Her FRED'RIC's Virtues, that in future days
 The long bright order of succeeding Kings
 Destin'd by Heav'n to bless Britannia's Isle
 To latest Ages, may remember HIM,
 The Great Original from whence they sprung.

Canst thou, Britannia, through thy Annals trace
 Prince more lov'd, or who more lov'd Mankind?
 Didst thou, Augusta, with more transport hail
 Returning Edward from fam'd Poictier's Field
 All crown'd with Laurels, than when FRED'RIC took
 (Whilst all thy Sons of Commerce shouted round)
 The British Charter, bad thy prosp'rous Sails
 Outstrip Batavian, and from Orcades
 Bring back the finny Treasures of the Deep?
 Did Cæsar's presence with more Pomp adorn
 The Roman Theatre, than FRED'RIC's Thine?
 While all his beauteous Offspring smil'd around,
 And while Rome's ancient Glories rose to view,
 The Prince and People from the heart-felt scene
 Caught Liberty's bright Flame, and o'er the Stage

Hov'ring

LUCTUS.

Hov'ring, the British Muse exulting saw
His all that grac'd the Patriot and the Prince,
And all that blest'd an happy People, Their's.

Was the deep Danube, with expiring Hosts
Choakt up, or Deluge of the Blood-swoln Rhine
A fight so glorious as majestic Thames
With floating Forests crown'd, while FRED'RIC came,
And like the great Anchises' Son held forth
The Silver Prize, that emulous rous'd the strength
Of British Mariner, while ev'ry Bark
Outstretcht its Oary wings, and each throng'd Shore
And each proud Vessel thunder'd FRED'RIC's Name!
Such Triumphs mark'd his Progress o'er the Land,
His Western Progress; as he past along
In ev'ry Landscape and in ev'ry Face,
Smil'd Liberty, and all the Sons of Art
From ev'ry Port, and ev'ry City came
Crowding around, and with insatiate Eyes
At ev'ry look gaz'd Loyalty and Love.
From the loud Pæans of a Nation's praise,
From State's proud Pomp the peaceful Muse retir'd,
With her lov'd FREDERIC to Cleifden's shades,
To the calm pleasures of his private Life;
Domestic Scenes! in which united shone
Midst smiles of conjugal endearment sweet,
Parental Tenderness and filial Love.

Through what new regions shall th' unweary'd Muse
Pursue her Prince! Ah now exalted far
Above her utmost flight! Then here below
The Muse shall sooth her Sorrows with his Praise,
And with the fondness of a Mother's eye
And with the Grandfire's love and Nation's hopes
Seek in the SON to contemplate the SIRE.

J. Sharp B.A. of C. C. C.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

I.

BRING me the deep-ton'd Shell that Pindar strung,
And the sweet Honey of Anacreon's tongue,
And all the mighty Powers of Eloquence,
That charm away each ravish'd sense,
And hold all Nature in suspense:

And Thou, my Muse be faithful to thy trust:
Draw HIM the Great, the Wise, the Good, and Just,
In brightest colours, and in strongest light,
In full proportion, and majestick height.
With all his Glories swell the labour'd line;
With all his Virtues soften, and refine:
Mix in the numbers Majesty, and Ease,
And give them strength to soar, and grace to please —

If yet a Muse remain

On this forlorn, deserted Plain —

But He is dead

The gracious Prince for whom they oft have sung,
And all the sweet harmonious Choir is fled;
Cold is each finger, and each lyre unstrung.

Come Sorrow then, loose Thou the frozen tongue,

Be Thou the Muse and Mistress of our song:

Ease the swollen heart, and pour out all its pains,

In a full tide of melancholy strains;

Smooth the rude verse, and bid the numbers flow

In simple strength, and energy of Woe.

II.

Or shall we raise

In bold triumphant sounds of praise

Aloft on Fancy's wings our tow'ring flight

Above these realms of Night,

With Him who cloth'd in robes of purest light,

Born by Celestial Ministers on high

Sails on the bosom of th' Empyrean Sky?

Open, ye Everlasting Gates, receive

The brightest Spirit Earth can give.

Lead

LUCTUS.

Lead Him Angels to his throne,
Place on his head th' Immortal Crown,
Bright and pure as his Renown,
Bought by transcendent Worth, and Virtues all his own.
Now like a God he sits in awful state,
Mighty triumphant Lord o'er Death and Fate:
All Nature op'ning on his ravish'd sense,
Now fathoms He the depths of Providence;
Now scans the Wonders of his blest Abode;
He now explores
The unfathomable Mystery of God,
And boldly soars
With piercing, and undaunted sight,
Full in the Blaze of UNCREATED LIGHT:
Kens like an Atom his once Royal Seat,
Smiles at the toils and labours of our Great,
And Worlds and Systems roll beneath his feet.
Silence then that lying Knell;
Sound all your lofty instruments, and swell
The Soul to joyful rapturous extasy:
Who liv'd so Great and Good, shall never Die.

III.

— Ah me! I fondly dream. Return, return,
Mistaken hapless Muse return:
Damp the bold impetuous fire:
Touch the melting, soothing lyre:
In strains of woe,
Sad and slow,
For ever shalt thou flow;
While I have memory for ever mourn
The best of Princes, and of Men,
Lost, lost, for ever lost;
Lost to his People, and th' afflicted State
Sunk in his Fall, and wounded in his Fate.
Never, O never shall we see Him more,
Great in the mild Benevolence of Pow'r:

No

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

No more behold the fond paternal smile
Gild all our hearts, and cheer th' adoring Isle,
When as He laid all Royalty aside —
All but the Love to bless, the Power to guide.
Fall'n is the loveliest Cedar of the wood,
Torn, blasted, ravag'd —
Sunk into ruin is the noblest Worth
E'er it had ripen'd into perfect birth.
To Life th' exulting eager Soul is fled,
But Oh! The Monarch is for ever Dead.

IV.

In that sad night, that melancholy hour,
Where slept Britannia's Guardian Power?
Where was the noble Patron of our State?
Where was the mighty Angel's hand
That oft has deign'd to shield our tott'ring Land
From fell Destruction, and avenging Fate? —
But Britain's every Foe in dread array
Rush'd thro' the gloomy night: Death led the way:
Awhile he stood, and view'd his Royal Prey:
Then hurl'd the Dart that knows not how to err,
Strong as the Arrows of the Thunderer.
Britannia to her deepest centre shook,
And Europe trembled with the fatal stroke.
The mighty Prince beheld, not undismay'd,
The grizly Fiend in terrors all array'd:
Horror, Despair, and Grief without controul
Rack'd his great heart, and tore his lab'ring soul:
Nor think the sorrows of the Royal Fair,
Beneath the Hero's or the Patriot's care:
Long the departing, lin'gring Spirit hung,
Gleam'd in his eyes, and falter'd on his tongue:
Then fondly gazing, fighting,
Sick'ning, fainting, dying,
He lean'd his head upon her faithful Breast,
And breath'd his Soul to everlasting rest.

But

LUCTUS.

V.

But Thou

Whom Heav'n's Supreme decree,
Calls to the Mighty toil of Royalty ;
For Weightiest Crowns prepare thy Youthful Brow.
'Tis thine to hold the restless world in awe ;
To curb proud Vice, and give Ambition law :
In one harmonious golden chain to bind,
The jarring souls, and passions of Mankind.
Justice to Thee commits her sacred cause :
To spread abroad her great, eternal laws ;
To execute her dread, unerring Word ;
To poise her Balance, and to wield her Sword.
And Mercy too shall sit beside thy throne :
She claims the Monarch's heart as all her own.
Fair Peace is thine ; nor must thou sometimes spare
To rouse the rage of wide-destroying War,
But guide her Thunder's blind impetuous course,
And teach her Lightning where to spend its force.
Arise bright Sun, like Him who rules the Day.
His infant Glory dawns with mildest ray,
Invites the eye, and arm'd in flaming gold
Attracts the homage of the Eastern World.
Onward He bears his proud impetuous way,
With strength resistless, and unrivall'd sway ;
And crown'd with all surpassing Majesty,
Burns in the height of the Meridian Sky :
Thence darts his shafts, and whelms the fainting fight
Beneath a flood of over-pow'ring light.
Then all majestick drives his chariot down
In Royal Splendor to his Western throne ;
Contracts his reins, and checks his swift career,
Spreads wide his Glory, and expands his Sphere :
Earth faints no more beneath his scorching rays,
But joyous Nature all her charms displays :
Old Ocean smiles throughout his wide Domain,
Calms his rough waves, and smooths his azure Main,
Proud to receive him flaming from th' Ethereal Plain.

N n

Hail

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VI.

Hail MIGHTY CHIEF! — but need my humble lays
Tell whom they meant to praise
At awful distance, in a trembling strain —
Trembling to name Thee lest it should profane?
'Tis thus we see Thee set — We see, we feel
Thy balmy influence all our sorrows heal,
Dispel our fears, and vital heat impart,
To animate each cold desponding heart.
Great as when once thy Genius clad in Arms,
Shook Gallia's guilty Plains with stern alarms;
Advanc'd thy standard with triumphant Pow'r;
Let loose thy fury, bad thy Lions roar,
And blind Ambition vex'd our World no more.
Long may we see those nobler views engage
Thy Life's calm Evening, and declining Age:
Remember long, but ne'er with Sorrow tell
How Great our FREDERIC liv'd, how soon He fell.

George Graham B.A. Fellow of King's College.

WITH Civic wreaths his temples bound,
With every victor laurel crown'd,
For Gaul controll'd, for Europe's peace insur'd,
For every bliss to Britain's isle secur'd,
We thought when fate should late decree
Heaven to thy Sire, and earth to Thee;
With equal hand the Globe thou would'st sustain,
And bless us with another patriot reign;
But Thee high Heav'n's behests require,
FREDERIC, amid the starry choir,
Where rob'd in light you look superior down
On all the glories of the British Crown.
Freed from the frailties of mankind,
Each dearer weakness of the mind,
He dwells enraptur'd in the bless'd abode,
And all is extacy, and all is God.

Yet

LUCTUS.

Yet if to patriot Souls 'tis given
To know the high intent of Heaven,
To view, ordain'd by God's eternal doom,
The rise and fall of Empires yet to come;
Not undelighted He may see
Albion enjoy his progeny,
With calm complacency of spirit trace
Himself reflected in his royal race.
To virtue, fortitude, and truth
He early fram'd their ductile youth;
To worth He fir'd them with the Roman name,
And bade them deep imbibe the godlike flame.
Nor bade alone, but, greatly wise,
He plac'd the pattern in their eyes;
He pointed out the exemplary draught,
And nobly liv'd the Hero which he taught.
Not that 'twas his the sword to wield,
And flote with gore the embattl'd field;
Not that 'twas his the Victor's crown to gain,
And build a guilty throne on myriads slain:
No, — His each milder peaceful art
That wins the head and warms the heart;
'Twas His with beaming candor to adorn,
And dart the ray to ages yet unborn.
His eye auspicious did infuse
Strong inspiration on the Muse;
She swell'd her voice divine to accents higher,
And smote with ten-fold force the sounding lyre.
Sculpture with energy refin'd
That hews rough matter into mind,
Warm'd with the influence of his smile serene,
Assum'd a loftier air, a nobler mien.
To every part of life attend
The Sire, the Husband, and the Friend;
With equal grace in every varied light,
The finish'd picture charms the ravish'd sight.

This

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

This truth, thy piteous orphan train
 In anguish-breathing sobs explain,
 This truth, thy widow'd Fair One's sorrows show,
 And this thy well-lov'd Britain's general woe.
 Yes, FREDERIC, bards may hang the hearse,
 When Grandeur claims the custom'd verse,
 Mean interest may excite the selfish tear,
 But a whole people's sorrows are sincere.

James Charles Hitchcock B.A. of Pembroke Hall.

ἈΝΑΣΣΙΦΟΡΜΙΓΞ Καλλιόπη, θάλῃ
 Φιλησιμόλπε Ζηνὸς ἐπηρεατὸν,
 Ὅς τοι γλυκὺν φωνᾶς ἄωτον,
 Καὶ κιθάρης παρέδωκεν οἶμους,
 Δδῶς ἔνθε πρὸς φῶρον, εἵποτε τ' ἐμᾶς
 Ἦκσας αὖθις, καὶ ταφὸν ἀγλαὸν
 Δαυδάλλε ΦΡΕΔΡΙΚΟΥ πεσόντῃ
 Ἀνθεσιν, ἥδ' ἄρετας φαεινὰς
 Ἐγκωμιάζει· καὶ γὰρ ἔχει σκότον
 Ἀλκή τε χειρῶν, καὶ μεγάλα φρένες,
 Εἰ μὴ μελιφθόγων ἄργιστος
 Πιερίδων κελαδῆτιν ὕμνον.
 Ἦως μακαίρῃ θρεπλὸς ἐν ἐστίᾳ
 Βεῖθησεν ὄλβῳ· λάμπε δ' ὅ κλέῃ
 Πατρῶν, ἥδ' ἀφθαρτον αἰεὶ,
 Ἐκ πατέρων μέγα παισὶ λῆμα.
 Πραῦς μὲν ἀσοῖς, οὐκ ἀγαθοῖς φθονῶν,
 Ξεινοῖς τε πᾶσιν θαῦμα περικλυτὸν,
 Ἦθησεν ὀξείως, νόον τε
 Κρέσσονα ἡλικίας ἔφερθεν·

Καλόν

LUCTUS.

Καλὸν δ' ἐτράφη ἡ δρεπὴ σοφαῖς
 Γνωμαῖς ἀεθλοῖς, ὥς ὅτε δένδρεον
 Χλωραῖς ἐπαίῳ ἐέρσας,
 Αἰθέρι τ' ἐγκορυφᾷται ὑψη.
 Ἄλλ' αὐτὸν Ἀγροῖς μῆνον ἀδελφέα
 Δείξαδε μοῖραν, καὶ γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
 Λίαν δυνάσθαι δοκοῖντ', εἰ
 Ἀθάνατ' Φρεδερικὸς ἦεν.

SI quæ flent mala lugubres
 Auferrent oculi, Sidonias ego
 Gemmas, aurum et inutile
 Mutarem lachrymis, et querimoniis.
 At, ceu rore viret seges,
 Sic crescunt madidis tristitia fletibus;
 Et vitæ gracilis via
 Crudeli est docilis ludere cum joco.
 Nos versæ potius decet
 Decantare lyrâ fata Britannia.
 Non vulgi favor improbus
 Laudandum memori carmine Principem
 Clarabit, neque barbaras
 Incidet tumulo gloria laureas;
 Sed frons mitior aspici,
 Et fidum placidis pectus amoribus;
 Sed mens ardua prosequi
 Felix, et Britonas respicere impigra.
 Squallent nomina Cæsarum
 Ignotis tumulis; hi pereant, quibus
 Virtutis decus interit,
 Et sordent laceræ commoda Patriæ;
 Tu nunc inclytus et sacer,
 Hic tantum phaleras corporis exuis;
 At quicquid superest tui
 Promissum rapidè surgit in æthera.

Johannes Symonds Coll. Div. Johan. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AT non hæc Genti Angliacæ promissa dedisti,
Instabilis Fortuna — Diem jam lætiùs ire
Vidimus, et nostros sine nube nitescere Soles;
Ex quo felicem Populis prætendit olivam
GEORGIUS, indulgitque Orbi Britannia pacem.
Sed cur Diva fedet tristi circumdata pallâ,
Exanimis; laurosque suas, atramque cupressum
Confociare parat? Cur totis undique in agris
Tempestas lachrymarum, et flebilis ingruit imber,
Et dolor est, quodcunque vides? Heu! Fama Britannis
Nuntia vera nimis! Nullin', Proserpina, nôsti
Parcere, et ipsa tuis adduntur sceptrâ tropæis?
Salve, O Nobilis Umbra, et tu, crudele Sepulchri
Hospitium, quod sacra sinu complecteris ossa,
Tantæ Animæ exuvias! Quin tu quoque tende, Camœna,
Jampridem resides chordas, desuetaque plectra;
Te quoque junge choro Phœbi, lachrymasque decentes
Sparge rogo: Tristis rerum tibi nascitur ordo,
Triste ministerium: Quanquam O! quis carmine possit
Aut lachrymis, AUGUSTA, tuos æquare dolores,
Hosti etiam miseranda? Heu! circum, Regia Nutrix,
Nequicquam trepidas, nequicquam vota precesque
Ingeminas, pendesque Viri morientis ab ore,
Invida fata obstant, sævique atrocia morbi;
Quamvis obniti contrâ, atque resistere pesti
Arte suâ, Phœbo Genitori charus, Iapis,
Quo non ægrotum corpus solertior alter
Tollere de lecto, atque herbis extinguere febrem.
Sique manu medicâ clades tristissima posset
Depelli, O Cives, etiam hâc depulsa fuisset,
At non hoc timuit secura Britannia vulnus,
Ah! nimium secura, sui que ignara peric'li!
Illum Diva Salus visa est placidissima circum
Solicitas agere excubias, artusque valentes
In multos firmâsse dies, viridemque Senectam;
Infidiosa Salus! intus miserabile corpus

Mortem

LUCTUS.

Mortem alit intereà, et cæco consumitur hoste.
Usque adeò obseffo lateri lethale venenum
Hæret inacceffum, et toto in pulmone triumphat ;
Et jam fumma tenet Viçtor penetralia Cordis.
En ! cadit, et miseri circum præcordia stagnant
Purpurei latices, et inertia flumina vitæ.
Heu ! ubi nunc, oculis quos læta afflârat, honores,
Cypria Diva tuis, et in unâ fronte morati
Majestas et Amor ?

Ite, pii Flores, tumultum petite, atque ibi fuaves
Exspirate animas ; ibi candida lilia mæstum
Demittant moribunda caput, Violæque caducæ,
Pallentes Violæ, trifti decora apta Sepulchro ;
Compleat et calices lachrymâ Narciffus amarâ.

Quo te, Mufâ, dolor rapuit ? Jam define cantus
Lugubres iterare : Nefas diffidere Cœlo.
Reftat adhuc (multosque flet inconcufla per annos
Divini Fortuna Senis) Quo fofpitem, ceffent
Angligenum lachrymæ, FREDERICIque umbra triumphet.
Pergat facra diu ramos extendere amicos
Arbor, felicique umbrâ defendere Prolem.

Tu quoque, quem precibus votisque Britannica pubes
Profequitur, Fatumque opera ad graviora refervat,
Ne Puer, incultæ fpernas munufcula Mufæ.
Ingredere O ! Virtutis iter, quâ femita certos
Ducit recta pedes : Præclara exempla tuorum
Respice, et ante oculos ftantes longo ordine Patres :
Hos fequere, atque horum veftigia tutus adora :
Sive tibi impatiens animus jamjam ardeat ire
Quà Patruus vocat, et Brittanni gloria Martis ;
Seu placido malis delabi flumine vitæ,
Pacis amans ftudiorum, et non ignobilis otî.

Interea, Patriæ fpec O fidiffima, Granta,
Maçte tuâ virtute — Feros compescere cultu
Ingenuo mores, atque emollire docendo

“ Turpe

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Turpe quid ac pulchrum ; quo Virtus, quo ferat Error.”
Hæ tibi sint artes : Procul hinc procul este profanæ
Deliciæ, Veneresque quibus sese extera tellus
Jactitat ! Italici procul O ! contagia cultûs !
Haud istis opus auxiliis : Has candida sedes
Relligio colat, et, dulcissima Diva Dearum,
Libertas : His usque arvis uberrima messis
Prodeat, et (nostri decus immortale Lycæi)
Surgant purpurei Proceres, Pelhamique futuri,
Confiliis posthac qui sceptrâ Britannica firment,
Ternaue Atlanteo sustentent regna labore.

Carolus Hedges A. B. Coll. D. Petri Socio-Commenfalis.

L U C T U S.

YES, I will weep for thy untimely fate,
 O much-lov'd Prince ; that part I can perform,
 To take my portion of the general grief ;
 Although by seventy winters freezing blasts
 All chill'd my blood, and damp'd poetic fire.
 At such a loss, tears no restraint can bear,
 Tears are the only tribute we can now
 Thy honour'd memory pay : there was a time
 When fair Britannia could erect her head,
 And view her present happiness compleat
 By pleasing prospects into future years ;
 When by a Trajan or a Titus mild,
 In Thee, her regal scepter should be sway'd :
 How lies she now ! low prostrate in the dust,
 And in sad plaints her wretched fate deplores !

O unexpected stroke ! O blasted hopes
 Of promis'd joys to bless the coming age,
 When the kind husband, when th' indulgent father,
 Patron of arts, Guardian of liberty,
 The friend of human race should rule my Sons :
 Who now shall comfort speak, who dry my tears,
 When GEORGE is gather'd to his kindred Heroes,
 The Edwards and the Henries, England's boast,
 And I forlorn my widow'd state bemoan ?
 O far, far distant may the Eternal fix
 The fatal hour : but still it must be so.
 Flesh 'tis thy lot, all hasten to the grave,
 The poor, the rich, the simple and the wise,
 The fearful and the brave, the good, the great,
 GEORGE too must yield, and tread the gloomy way :
 Nor boots it often o'er th' ensanguin'd field
 Fearless t' have rang'd, and brav'd the king of terrors :
 Nor boots it in his subjects hearts to reign,
 Nor with heroic fortitude to bear
 Domestic losses, anxious for the welfare
 Of late posterity, and, to sooth the grief

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Of his lov'd Britons, to forget his own :
The universal Monarch, soon or late,
To his dark palace does alike compell
The lawless Tyrant and the PATRIOT KING.

Thus wail'd Britannia ; all the rest was sighs.
When from on high a whisper reach'd mine ear ;
But not alike their portion after death :
The mem'ry of the one, in fragrance sweet,
Is had in honour ; flourishes his fame,
Nor needs the mimic bust to make it live :
The other, though in life a Conqu'ror stil'd,
His country's Father, as a God ador'd,
Shall by a juster title then be known,
The scourge and the destroyer of mankind.

O for a warning voice, that might aloud
Through the wide circle of the earth proclaim
In ev'ry Royal ear, (where flatt'ry oft
Delicious poyson sheds,) the heav'n-born heft
Of th' eastern Sage : " Be wise then, O ye kings,
" B' instructed, ye that rule and judge the earth,
" The higher than the highest serve with fear,
" And, him before, with reverence rejoice :
" If his wrath kindle, those alone are blest
" Who place in him their trust and confidence."

Be that Thy pious task, fair royal Mourner,
To teach this lesson to the Pledges dear
Of FREDERIC's love : becomes them all such lore,
But chiefly him who Britain's crown shall wear,
Great as he is t' acknowledge one still greater,
Who walks by heavenly light or shall not fall,
Or stronger rise to tread in virtue's path.
Great GEORGE's pattern next before him place,
Teach him from Him to cultivate in peace
The arts of mild and gracious government :
From Him a firm adherence to his word :
From Him to watch o'er Europe's liberty :

From

LUCTUS.

From Him, whene'er invading pow'rs assail,
To lead th' embattell'd squadrons to the field,
And bravely tempt the dangers of the war.
Thus shall the Princely Youth, form'd by Thy hand,
Grow to be what thy FREDERIC would have been.

But Oh! what potent med'cine can be found
To ease thine heart, when that lov'd Name is heard,
Bleeding afresh at the sad dear remembrance?
Will the rich robe sparkling with gems and gold,
The lofty dome, where lavish art displays
His skill to raise our wonder, give delight?
Will sculptur'd marble or the speaking canvas
Attract thine eye? will the melodious chime
Of harp or viol charm thy list'ning ear?
Will comic scenes divert? where folly oft
Laughs at itself, under another's name?
Or will the buskin'd hero's feign'd distress
Cause Thee thy real sorrows not to feel?
Or can'st thou taste the pleasures nature's bounty
Scatters around for all her sons t' enjoy?
The close shorn green, the sweets-exhaling flow'r,
The sun-gilt hill cover'd with fleecy troops,
The verdant mead, the lowing herds repast,
The wood's imbrowning shade, retirement sweet,
The chrystal stream that winding glides along
And murmurs, loth to leave the beauteous scene:
Or the more solemn prospect when the sun,
Down from our heav'n to distant realms declin'd,
Bids the pale moon light up her borrow'd lamp:
Cheer'd by a milder ray Night's sober majesty
Serenely smiles, nor envies Day his blaze,
Her throne surrounded with ten thousand stars.

All these, alas! to Thee no joy can give,
Thy FREDERIC gone: He art and nature taught
To wear their choicest beauties; Him without
The earth to Thee a lonely Prison seems.

But

ACAD. CANTAB. LUCTUS.

But be thy spirits compos'd in cheering hope;
There is a cure, though not of Earthly birth,
A tree there grows, fast by the throne of God,
Rich in ambrosial fruit and od'rous balm:
The fruit who tastes, nor death nor grief can fear,
That boon to none is giv'n of mortal race
Sojourning in this darksome vale of tears,
Reserv'd to bless us in the realms of light:
Yet oft, by pray'r brought down, the healing juice
Into the sorrow-wounded heart is pour'd,
Patience inspires, and resignation meek
To the disposal of th' all-gracious Lord,
Who all things governs by th' unerring rules
Of wisdom infinite, and perfect goodness:
Be this thy comfort: so shalt Thou possess
An Heav'n within Thee, plac'd above the reach
Of all the storms that vex this wretched life.

R. Long D.D. Master of Pembroke Hall.
And *Lowndes's* Professor of Astronomy and Geometry.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Sheet A pag. 3. lin. 21. read Quin varias etiam
——— *lin. 22. read* insculpta superbis
Sheet C pag. 1. lin. 31. for mortem *read* martem.